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ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES. See Inside.

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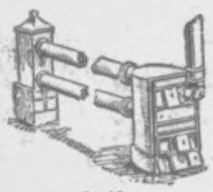
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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Stories of the Late King Christian.

The King was accustomed to walk about the town alone, with only a big dog for his companion, and in the course of one of his strolls he came upon a meeting of workmen on strike. After listening awhile to the speeches, he joined in, and addressed them himself, endeavouring to convince them of their errors. They heard him patiently, but finally passed a resolution thanking His Majesty for his advice, but deciding to continue the strike.

On reaching the palace the King remarked, "It is a pity I could not make them give up the strike, but, after all, perhaps they know their own business better than I do."

Photo, Keturah Collings.

The King of Spain's future Mother-in-law: H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg.

On another occasion he was visiting a girls' school, and asked the scholars if they could name any of the great Kings of Denmark. The answers came, "Canute the Great, Waldemar the Conqueror, Christian the Fourth." Then a small girl held up her hand. "And Christian the Ninth."

"Very well, little one! And what great things has he done?" The child was at a loss for a reply, and blushed in confusion. "Never mind, and console yourself, for I do not know myself," was the kindly humorous comment.

Travelling in Jutland, he came to the town of Horsen, which was decorated in his honour. Over one large building stretched an illumination, with the words, "Welcome to Your Majesty." "What place is that?" he asked, and on being informed that it was the public prison, he laughed heartily at this ambiguous compliment.

Thoughts of a Queen.

The philosophy of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, in the shape of 148 brilliant epigrams, is a distinguishing feature of the *National Review*. Here are a few of them:

Life:

Life is an art, in which we too often remain mere dilettanti; one cannot attain mastery in it except by pouring out one's heart's blood.

One is never really weary of life: one is only tired of oneself.

The longer one lives, the more one dreads lest heaven itself should prove in the end to be but the last and worst of our deceptions.

The problems of life were easily solved could one but learn to treat oneself as a negligible factor.

Love:

A maiden's heart is like a green cornfield that lies hidden away under snow.

Forgiveness is almost indifference: Love never forgives.

The jealousy of a lover is a homage; that of a husband is an insult.

To the whole edifice of His creation God has given but one supporting column: Love.

Sorrow:

When we wish to keep some great sorrow to ourselves, we sometimes speak of others that are past, and that we had kept hidden until now.

When Hope abandons us, she sets forth to dig our grave.

There is still some life in despair, because it is an act of revolt; but mere passive hopelessness is almost like death.

Happiness:

Joy is life seen through a sunbeam.

There is no rarer piece of happiness than to find the morrow confirm the experiences of the bygone day; too often the morning light in opening our eyes at the same time shuts our hearts!

It is always easy to others to discover reasons for contentment with our lot which we had not found out for ourselves.

Happiness is like the echo; it answers, but never draws nigh.

Religion:

God forgives—Nature never.

When the temples of all religions have been abandoned by their worshippers, there will still be the graveyard left as a last place of pilgrimage.

After all, I prefer the old-fashioned guardian angels to most of our modern philanthropists.

One of two things one must possess—either true pity or true philosophy. One must either have learnt to say, "Father! Thy will be done!" or else, "Nature, I revere thy laws, even when I am crushed beneath them!"

Thought:

Cleverness is the thought of an individual: wisdom is the collective thought of humanity.

Photo, Russell.

THE NEW KING OF DENMARK AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Photo, Russell.

THE NEW CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK.

Great thinkers and lofty mountains raise those who contemplate them in their own esteem.

What can we really learn about an intellect by weighing the brain and taking the measurements of the skull? As well try to test the flavour of a wine by eating grape skins!

Thinkers rule the world, though they may be unaware of the fact; and those who are supposed to be its rulers are in reality ruled by it, also quite unconsciously.

The Kaiser's Gratitude.

The picturesque side of the Kaiser's character, which now and then asserts itself in one of his famous acts of dramatic chivalry, is aptly shown by his invitation to an American farmer to attend the Imperial silver wedding celebrations, which take place shortly.

This man—an old soldier named Hesse, who has been farming in Kansas for some time—arrived in Berlin yesterday. Twenty-six years ago, when a sergeant in the Kaiser's regiment, he saved his Majesty's life.

The Kaiser's horse bolted one day at manœuvres, and was dashing straight for a high stone wall, when Hesse sprang at the animal, and, by sheer strength, stopped its course, and gave the Kaiser an opportunity to regain his seat.

When asked what favour he would like to mark his master's gratitude, he said: "I should like to come to your Highness' wedding."

Hesse was an honoured guest at the wedding. Since then the Kaiser has never lost sight of him, and, hearing that he had taken to farming in America, he sent him a personal invitation to his silver wedding, and enclosed the money for his passage.

Misquotations.

We often hear that the tongue, according to the Scriptures, is an "unruly member," but you may search the Scriptures from end to end without finding the passage that so describes it. So it is pointed out by a writer in *The Manchester Guardian*, in an article dealing with favourite misquotations. "But the tongue can no man tame: it is an unruly evil," comes nearest to the popular phrase.

One of the most general of Biblical misquotations is, or was, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," for the authorised reading, "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins"; however, the revised version has "Love covereth a multitude of sins"; so, after all, there was some authority for the emendation.

The Prayer-book offers no such excuse for variants; yet nine men out of ten talk in all good faith of a "just cause or impediment" when "cause or just impediment" is what is written; and among the laity it is usual to substitute "for ever after hold his peace" for "hereafter for ever."

"To fresh fields and pastures new" is the careless quoter's version of Milton's "fresh woods and pastures new." Pope often suffers. How many times have we been told, on the supposed authority of Pope, that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." But Pope wrote: "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Certain quotations are authorised by high authorities. Byron wrote:

In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,

adding a footnote:

"In pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See "Macbeth," etc.:

An eagle towering in his pride of place

But never have men gone hawking with eagles. What Shakespeare wrote was:

A falcon, towering in her pride of place.

But Byron was not always as careful as he might have been. Does he not, in his Paddy Blake's echo in "The Bride of Abydos," cry:

Hark to the hurried question of Despair: "Where is my child?" An echo answers "Where?"

whereas the echo would have answered "child."

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The King of Spain and Princess Ena at the Villa Mouriscot, Biarritz.

Photos, Topical.

FUNERAL OF THE LAST OF THE ETON DAMES: 1.—The coffin and mourners. 2.—The procession of Masters; Canon Lyttelton, the Headmaster, walks last.

To France in a Balloon.

Two members of the Aero Club, Messrs. C. F. Pollock and Martin Dale, successfully crossed the Channel in a balloon on Saturday, the noteworthy feature of the voyage being the fact that much of it was accomplished in the face of a furious snowstorm.

The start was made from the Wandsworth Gas Works at 12.15 p.m., and at 2 p.m. the voyagers passed directly over Eastbourne at a height of 3,700 feet.

When about thirty miles across the Channel the balloon rose to a height of 7,000 feet, and entered a mass of dense cold cloud. Snow fell in large quantities.

At 3.30 p.m. the coast of France was dimly seen through the cloud, and at 3.42 p.m. the aeronauts were again over land, the passage of the Channel—seventy miles across—having been accomplished in one and three-quarter hours.

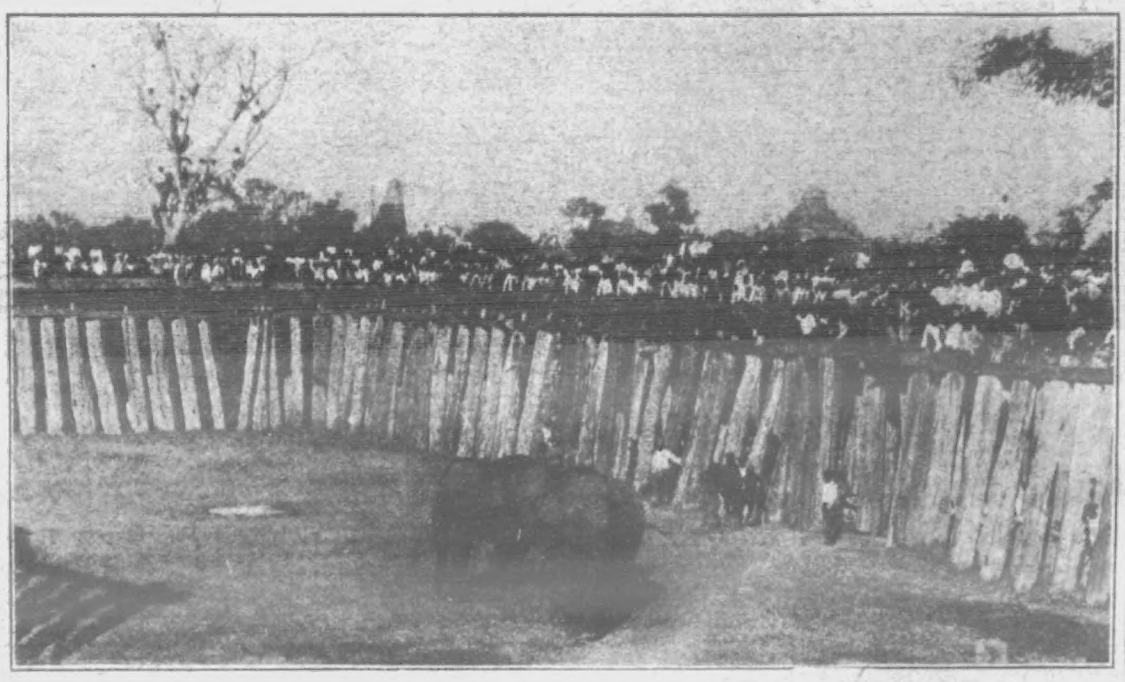
The steep cliffs on the coast rendered it necessary to discharge more ballast, and the balloon rose to a height of 10,000 feet. Snow and hail fell heavily, and the ropes of the balloon were thickly coated with hoar-frost.

When about twenty miles inland it was found that the ballast was running short, and it was decided to descend.

This, however, required considerable care and skill. A furious snow squall was driving the balloon violently downwards and onwards, and only the prompt dropping of a bag bodily prevented the balloon prematurely crashing to the earth near some trees.

This prompt measure just enabled the aeronauts to clear the wood, and on the other side, the country being suitable for the descent, the valve was opened and the descent safely accomplished at 4.10.

The aeronauts found themselves to be at Bermouville. The only damage done was that suffered by the aeronauts' hats, both of which were completely wrecked.



THE ROYAL TOUR: Last week the Prince and Princess left Mysore for a shooting camp, where the feature was a drive of wild elephants into a keddah, or stockade. This is still the Royal sport of Southern India, and occupies the place held by tiger shooting in Central India.

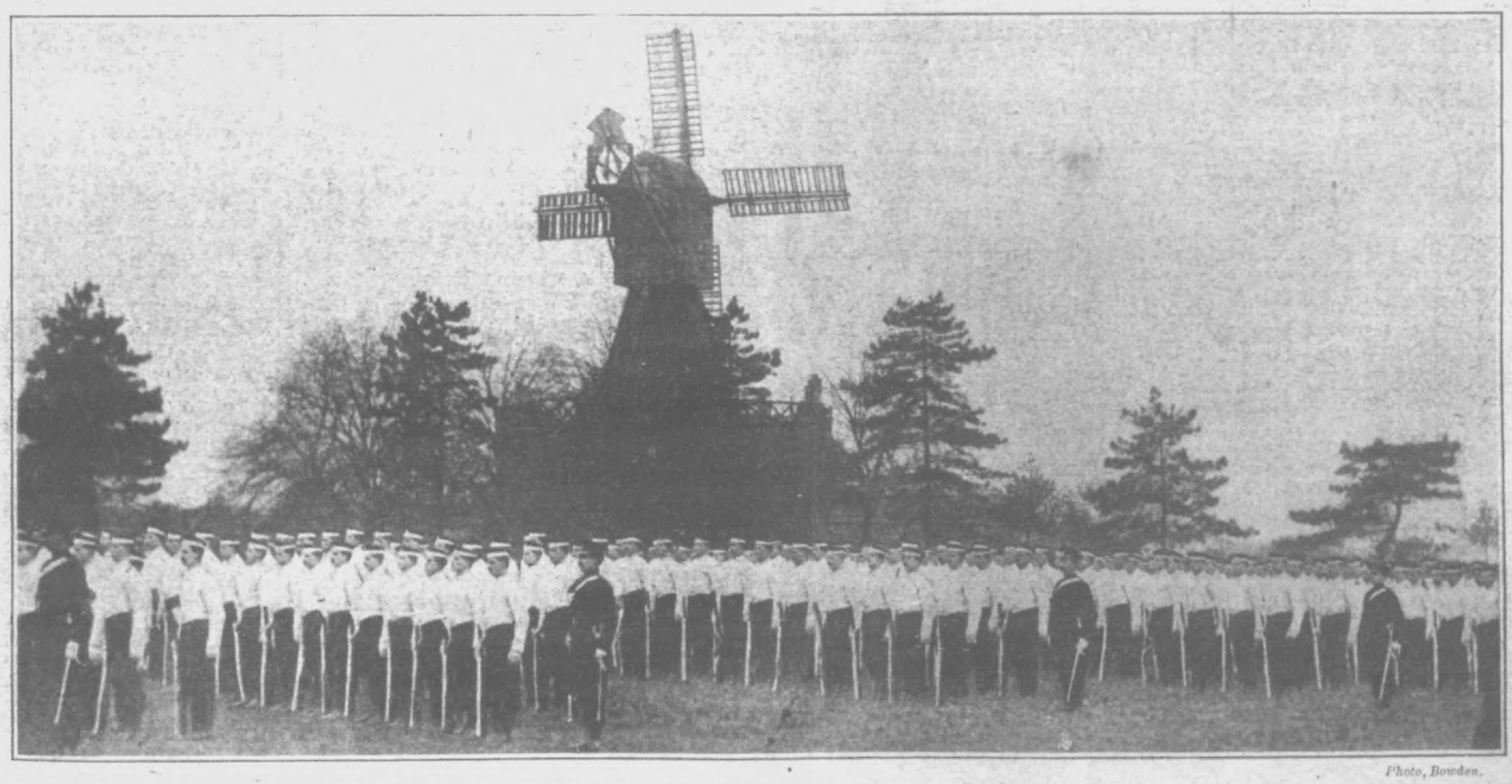
Rising in the Congo.

A Belgian expedition has been routed in the Congo.

The expedition was commanded by Commandant Pimpurniaux, and was sent against two native chiefs who were charged with the murder of two State agents.

The rebellious natives now control the forest of the Comani concessions, and are attacking caravans and stopping trade. They are equipped with rifles and ammunition stolen from a State factory.

Another expedition is being organised.



Photo, Bowden.

PARADE OF THE LONDON GARRISON AT WIMBLEDON: Lieutenant-General Sir L. J. Oliphant last week, on the plateau between the old village and the windmill on Wimbledon Common, inspected a parade of the London Garrison. The muster, which was the most imposing seen for some years, included the 1st Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, Y Battery Royal Horse Artillery, 3rd Grenadier Guards, 3rd Coldstream Guards, and 2nd and 3rd Scots Guards. Our photo shows the 3rd Coldstream Guards waiting for General Oliphant to arrive.

Les Invalides, where Napoleon is buried. The dome has the appearance of gold.

The L.C.C. Visit to Paris.

Eighty-eight members of the London County Council left London last Monday for Paris, where they are the guests of the Municipal Council.

The following are the principal items in the elaborate programme of festivities which was arranged in honour of the visitors:

TUESDAY.—Drive through principal thoroughfares.

Visits to the Central Markets, the Bourse, the Palais de Justice, the Mint (where a commemorative medal is to be struck), and the Palais des Beaux-Arts.

Luncheon in the Palm House, Jardin d'Acclimatation.

Visits to Municipal Flower Market, the manufactory of wood pavement, the General Hospital, the Hôtel des Invalides.

Reception by Sir Francis Bertie at the British Embassy.

Gala representation at the Opéra.

WEDNESDAY.—St. Cloud and Sèvres china-ware factory.

Luncheon at the Hôtel des Reservoirs, Versailles.

Reception at the Elysée by M. Falliéres, the new President, and M. Loubet, his predecessor.

Dinner and ball at the Hôtel de Ville.

THURSDAY.—Visits to the Pare des Buttes-Chaumont and the markets and slaughter-houses at La Villette.

Luncheon at the Gare de Lyon.

Inspection of the Metropolitan Electric Subway, and visits to the manufactory of Gobelins tapestry, the Montsouris reservoirs, and the Panthéon.

Reception by M. Rouvier, Prime Minister and Foreign Minister.

FRIDAY.—Visits to the Voltaire Museum, Boulle School of Cabinet-making, fire brigade station.

Dinner with the members of the Conseil Municipal, and gala performance at the Alhambra Theatre. On Saturday morning the visitors will leave Paris for London.

Live to Die, or Live to Live?

In Europe, so overshadowed at present, has arisen a discussion about death; and all the people good at epigrams are racking their brains to produce something new on the subject—with very moderate success thus far, says the *Saturday Post* (Philadelphia). One man recalls Dumas' saying, that "to die bravely one should think of death at least once every day." Another retorts that that is a bitter recipe for living bravely and well. All seem to agree that it is a good thing to think about death.

But is it? Is not the thought morbid, paralysing? Is not life rather the wiser thought? Is it, indeed, the best plan to live as if each moment were to be one's last? Is it not better to live as if one expected to go on living for years, would be compelled to reap here and now, as well as hereafter, the harvest of consequences from every act?

Live to die, or live to live? In which way will a man live best and die most peacefully?

"B.-P." and Youthful Smoking.

General Baden-Powell, writing to a Bolton boy, says he believes that "smoking by fellows who are still growing does them an infinite amount of harm, and those who are sensible don't take up smoking until after they are twenty years of age or so. Fellows who smoke before that age generally turn out rotters afterwards. They only do it because they think it looks swagger and manly to smoke, but any man who has done any scouting or big game hunting, etc., knows that they are fools."

THE ROYAL TOUR: Hyderabad, where the Prince and Princess of Wales stayed for a few days.

DESERTER'S AMUSING PLIGHT: An amusing scene was witnessed at Portsmouth last week. The cruiser "King Alfred" was due to leave for the Far East and one of her marines, not liking the prospect of two years' service in China waters, decided to run away. He scrambled out of the ship, and tried to make his way across the mud to the shore. After floundering along for some distance, he stuck fast, and a party of sailors were sent to bring back the truant. When he made across the mud they made after him, and the pursuers, like their quarry, soon stuck fast. Thereupon the marine, greatly to the amusement of the crowd of spectators, began pelting his pursuers with handfuls of mud. When those on board the ship saw what was going on, they sent another party of sailors furnished with planks. These were laid upon the mud, so that the sailors could walk along them, and they hauled out the marine and his pursuers one by one.

THE L.C.C. IN PARIS: The Central Markets, Paris, which the Councillors visited last Tuesday.

A Large Woman.

An inquest was held at Bethnal Green on a fishmonger's wife named Banfield, who died in the infirmary.

It was stated that she weighed twenty-four stone, and that the services of six men were required to get her into the ambulance in which she was removed to the hospital. Before her illness she weighed twenty-eight stone, and for years she had not been able to lie down. She was the mother of fourteen children.

Death was due to syncope from a fatty heart and obesity.

Dog as Guest of Honour.

Shot, a handsome retriever, was the guest of honour and the recipient of a testimonial at a dinner at Hanley on Saturday.

While Mr. Harold Godwin, the son of a builder, was walking through a quiet part of his father's works in December a man flung a heavy piece of jagged iron at him and stunned him.

Shot flew at the ruffian's throat and kept him prisoner until aid arrived. The dog is the hero of the place, and Mr. Godwin's workmen subscribed for a silver collar for him with an inscription.

Death of a Well-known Inventor.

Lord Masham died at Swinton Castle, Masham, last week.

Lord Masham was a son of the late Mr. Ellis Cunliffe Lister-Kaye, M.P., and was born on January 1, 1815. He was educated at Bellham Hill, Clapham Common.

Entering business in 1843, he succeeded in combing the first fine wool ever combed by machinery. His invention enabled him to command the wool-combing trade. In the course of his life he took out over 170 patents, and spent £600,000 in the working out of his ideas.

Becoming associated, in 1847, with the late Sir Isaac Holden, a great business sprang up, the partners having five factories in England, three in France, and one in Germany.

The most famous of his discoveries was in the utilisation of waste products for the making of material from which sewing silks and plush are manufactured. Going into a London warehouse one day, he saw a pile of neglected stuff which looked like broken rope-ends, dirty flock, and hemp. He was told it was rubbish with which nothing could be done. He examined it, and offered a half-penny a pound for the heap, the warehouse people being glad to get rid of it.

He started to experiment, and it is said that he spent a quarter of a million on his investigations. But success came at last, and brought a vast fortune to Lord Masham, and established an enormous industry in the North of England.

Another of his patents was the compressed air brake for railways.

Lord Masham took a great interest in sporting, and, next to Sir Thomas Brocklebank, he was the oldest public courser in England. He was a member of the Altcar Club, owned a number of well-known dogs, and held an original Waterloo Cup nomination. Last season, in his ninety-first year, he was represented in the Waterloo Cup by a greyhound named Little Stream, who, however, was beaten in the first ties. His lordship also had a nomination for the forthcoming Waterloo Cup.

At a meeting of Messrs. Lister and Co., Lord Masham stated publicly that he had £1,000,000 invested in tea in India, £1,000,000 in coal, and that his interest in Lister and Co. was considerably over £1,000,000.

Lord Masham leaves two sons and two daughters.

The L.C.C. visit to Paris: The famous Pantheon which the Councillors visited this week.

P.I.P. SNAPSHOTS.

Mr. George Alexander is to be congratulated upon the success of "His House in Order." Brother managers complain that often they have too many orders in their houses.

A Hindu woman cut off her tongue last week in the hope of working a miracle. Hindu husbands are endeavouring to persuade their wives to make further efforts in this direction.

Photo, Frith.

A Unique Snapshot: The gateway of Dartmoor Prison.

His Honour Judge Parry and Mr. Frederick Mouillot, authors of "What the Butler Saw," have completed a new three-act play, entitled "What's the Matter with London?" We understand it is not a criticism of the L.C.C.

A London evening paper last week startled its readers with the following paragraphs:

To-day his Majesty, dressed in deep mourning, arrived in London from Windsor. All the royal Courts have been postponed indefinitely, but social functions in general will not be interfered with.

A few hours later he was dead. The news came with stupefying effect, and for a long time the public refused to believe it.

They are still sceptical.

The North-Western Railway Company has installed some boy guides in the Euston boking-offices to help passengers to find their trains. The next thing will be a staff of interpreters to explain the time-tables.

One of the audience at an Exeter theatre threw a bag of flour at the orchestra and smothered the musicians. They did not appreciate the flo(u)ral offering.

More commercial candour: A City provision dealer announces, "Our shilling cheeses cannot be approached."

The Ohio Senate has passed a Bill abolishing capital punishment for murder in the first degree, except in the case of a second offence. Habitual murderers are leaving the State.

CRITICUS.

Ninety-six Hours on a Raft.

A boy's narrative of the wreck of his ship, the *Albula*, and his sufferings on a fragile and slippery raft, on which he was alone and without food for ninety-six hours, is reported from Queenstown.

The *Albula* was an old Norwegian steamer. Her cargo of salt shifted soon after she left Sicily, and gave the boat a bad list. Under the wash of terribly heavy seas she turned turtle.

The boy, Carl Bukstrom, rose among the wreckage and swam to a raft. It proved to be a few boards knocked together as a shelter for the wheelman, and had been detached by the sinking of the vessel. The second officer was hauled aboard by the boy, but he died that night from injuries.

The swill of the sea over the submerged planks threatened to drown the survivor, and he had to stand for ninety-six hours, having neither food, drink, nor sleep.

When he was picked up by the British steamer *Largo Bay* his hands were several times their natural size and bleached. The boy told his rescuers that other steamers had passed him, not seeing his eight-foot-square raft, and if the *Largo Bay*, too, had passed he would have jumped into the sea and made an end of himself.

Photo, Park.

P.C. Coxall, who for great bravery at a fire has had a bar added to the medal he had previously won for similar conduct.

"Wild Joy of Living."

If we would have the best of health, and "the wild joy of living," we must sleep out of doors. So declares Mrs. Blanche Martin, a New York lady. "I have," she says, "slept out of doors in a corner of my piazza summer and winter for five years, and in that time I have never had a cold, though on several occasions it was twenty degrees below zero. I believe that it is a cure for nervousness and many kinds of pulmonary troubles. The buoyant feeling in the morning following a sleep out of doors is one that surpasses description." But she adds that plenty of warm bedding should form part of the scheme.

A Political Puzzle.

A very neat little puzzle has been brought out by Messrs. Guitermann and Co., of 35 Aldermanbury, E.C., at the modest price of sixpence. The task is to spell the word "Protection" in such a way that the words "Free Trade" appear on the reverse side of the puzzle.

Rich Woman's Shopping Mania.

The executor of Mrs. Mary Cook King, who died in New York recently, has discovered, says the *Tribune*, that she possessed such a mania for shopping that she spent £50,000 at various stores within four years. She never opened the packages containing the purchased articles, which filled her large Brooklyn residence from top to bottom, one room being entirely filled with handkerchiefs. Mrs. King refused to receive any visitors.

Romance of a Child.

A romantic incident was related at Scarborough on Saturday.

Eighteen months ago a child was found on the roadside near Scarborough, and was taken to the home of Mr. Leadley, a farmer and a member of the Board of Guardians. He took care of the child, and eventually the mother was found and prosecuted, but was not sent to prison.

Subsequently a man in America offered to marry the mother, and sent £30 to Mr. Leadley for her passage out. She went to America and married the man.

A few days ago she returned to England for the child, which had been adopted by a family named Milow. She said her husband was a gold miner in British Columbia, and, accompanied by the child, she left for Liverpool by the night train and embarked for America. By the time she reaches home again she will have travelled eight thousand miles.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

STAGE.—I certainly would not advise you to give up your present situation with a view to going on the stage. The theatrical profession is probably one of the most overcrowded and precarious of all callings, except for those who are very competent. Why not join some amateur dramatic club, and try to get some concert engagements?

OCEAN.—The greatest known depth of the ocean is said to be midway between the island of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, where the bottom at that spot was reached at a depth of 46,000ft., or just about eight and three-quarter miles.

R. V.—Nearly every British battleship carries a number of divers—some of them about eight—and every cruiser about four. It is their duty to repair any damage sustained to the vessel below the water-line, clearing the propellers, and recovering the anchors if they get lost.

H. E. S. (Hull).—As Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman receives no salary, but each Premier holds the office of First Lord of the Treasury, to which a salary is attached of £5,000 per annum.

A. E. P. (Clones).—You should write to Mr. W. C. Stock, of the Goldsworth Nursery, Woking, Surrey, for the special plants you mention.

D. L. L.—Certainly, you can keep as much money as you like in your house, but, of course, the best and wisest plan is to deposit it in a bank.

C. H. (Worcester).—According to the Registrar-General's returns the marriage age is rising. Boy and girl marriages are declining. Probably the public library in your town contains the official returns, which you could consult.

D. L. J. (Llandilo).—By a Statute of the University made in 1904 the students of any foreign university may be admitted by vote of Convocation to the privileges of the Statute. The letters F.S.Sc.A. mean Fellow of the Society of Science and Art of London. The secretary of the University Tutorial Press Warehouse, 157, Chancery Lane, London, E.C., could supply you with the other information you want.

WELSHMAN (Cardiff).—If this paragraph reaches the eye of "Welshman from Cardiff"—as I have no doubt it will—will he please write to me again, giving fuller details of the pages and particular pictures to which he refers? I was very much interested in his letter, and should like to know the full scope of his idea.

Photo, Topical.

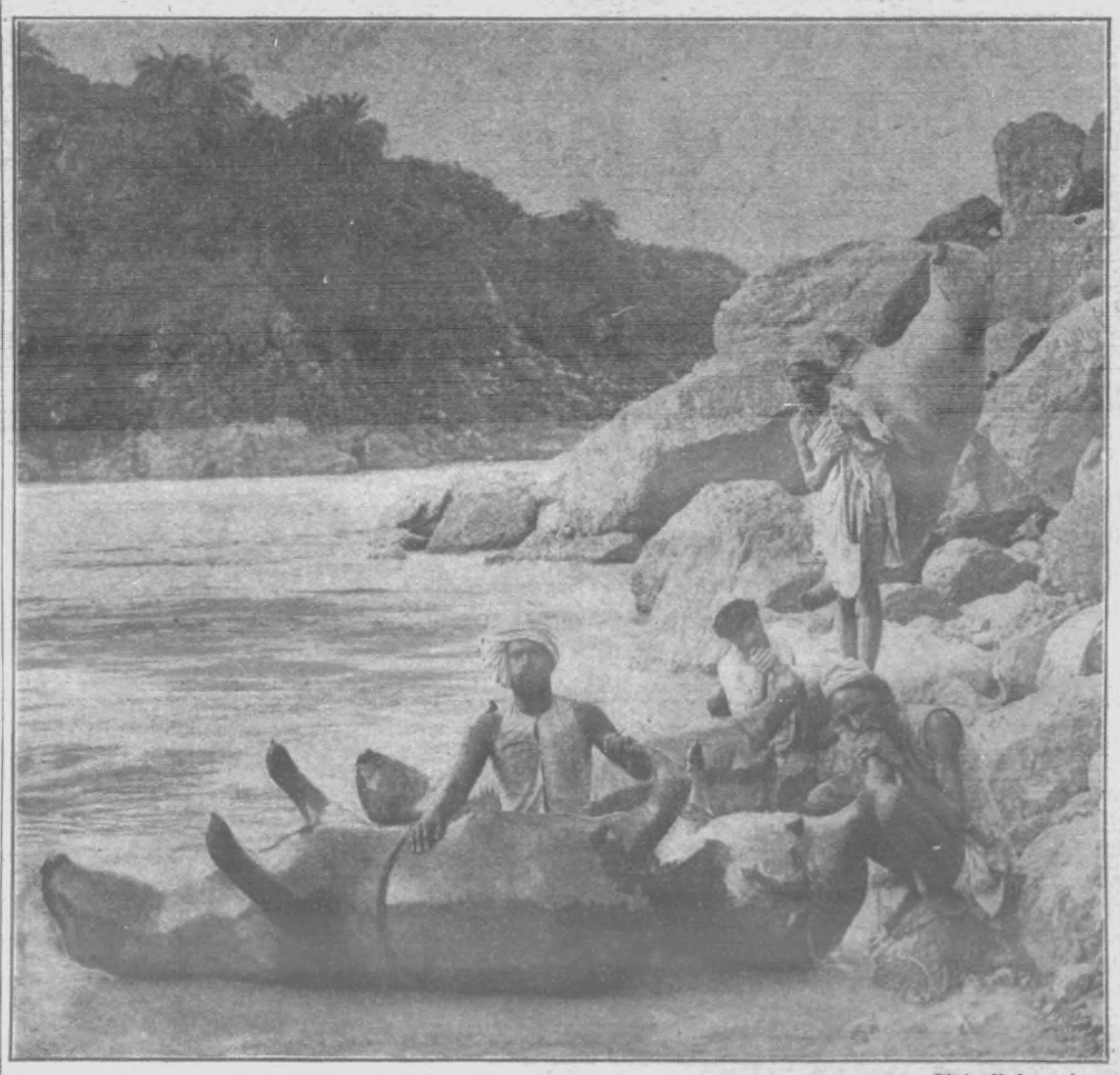
Church Destroyed by Fire: The devastation wrought by the fire at Christ Church, Down Street, Piccadilly, on Wednesday week. It was at Christ Church, built in 1863, that the late Duke of Cambridge worshipped. Here also the weddings took place of the Earl of Rosebery and of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

R. JONES (Kentish Town).—I think the address already given—Mr. Sidney Preston, solicitor, Chancery Lane—would be sufficient. I do not know where you could get the list to which you refer, although doubtless Mr. Preston could tell you, or you might be able to get it at Messrs. Wyman, printers, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., or Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

H. LILLEY (Ashtead).—I will bear in mind your suggestion re racing snap-shots during the coming season. I am glad you like the paper so much.

J. P. (Peterboro').—Thank you for your letter. I am glad to hear that you like the improvements so much.

P.—The address you require is 4, Whitehall Place, London.



Photo, Underwood.

QUAINT CRAFT.—These men are natives of the Punjab hill country in their customary clothes, and the rather ghastly looking objects with which they are busy are the hides of cattle, sewed up tightly and inflated with air till they can be used like enormous life-preservers. Two of the men, you notice, are still at work blowing their "boats" full of air. When they are ready to start each man will throw himself across one of the inflated skins, using his foot on one side and a short paddle on the other side to propel the queer craft. If his balance is not perfect, of course the craft rolls over and he gets a ducking.

Photo, Jagerspacher.

Prince George of Brunswick-Luneberg who, it is rumoured, has just become engaged to Princess Beatrice of Coburg.

Our Unmapped Empire.

Professor G. Scott Elliot, lecturing before the Research Department of the Royal Geographical Society, emphasised the necessity for a thorough mapping-out of the British Empire. A survey of all the unsurveyed portions would cost £150,000 a year for twenty years. These, he said, were not large figures for the British Empire, and he had been wondering whether the present House of Commons would undertake the liability.

The Modern Cargo Steamer.

The Ocean Steamship Company, familiarly known as the Holt Line, has had a mastless steamer built, the *Bellerophon*. She has four pillars instead, two abreast fore and aft, for derricks. The holds are made specially to accommodate heavy machinery and other bulky consignments, a necessity nowadays for the China and Japan trade. Twenty-six winches and derricks can be worked from the deck.

The Thrifty German.

Scores of the Germans who settle in London get the barest wages, but somehow they manage to live decently, and even to save money. The *Telegraph* tells of a young German who came to London nine years ago and secured a junior clerkship in the City at 16s. a week. His wages increased by slow stages, but, even so, he has not as yet reached the figure of £1 10s. Nevertheless, without any assistance from anyone, he has managed in that period to bank close on £120, and has just moved to a better lodging, and "furnished a room quite nicely."

Press Picture Agency.

Princess Beatrice of Coburg, who, it is rumoured, has become engaged to Prince George of Brunswick-Luneberg.

Photo, Henri Manuel.

M. Lerine, the Prefect of the Parisian Police, who has been one of the principal figures in the recent Church riots.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

With the exception of the Rugby International match between Wales and Scotland at Cardiff, the interest last Saturday was practically all "Cup tie" under Association rules, for, though there were two matches in the Southern League, folks took less than the usual notice of them, for the great national competition held the field. The "Cup," always the most interesting feature of the football season, increases in interest, if that were possible, every year. This can be traced to the great strides in Southern football; thanks, mainly, to the Southern League. It

Photo, Rouch.

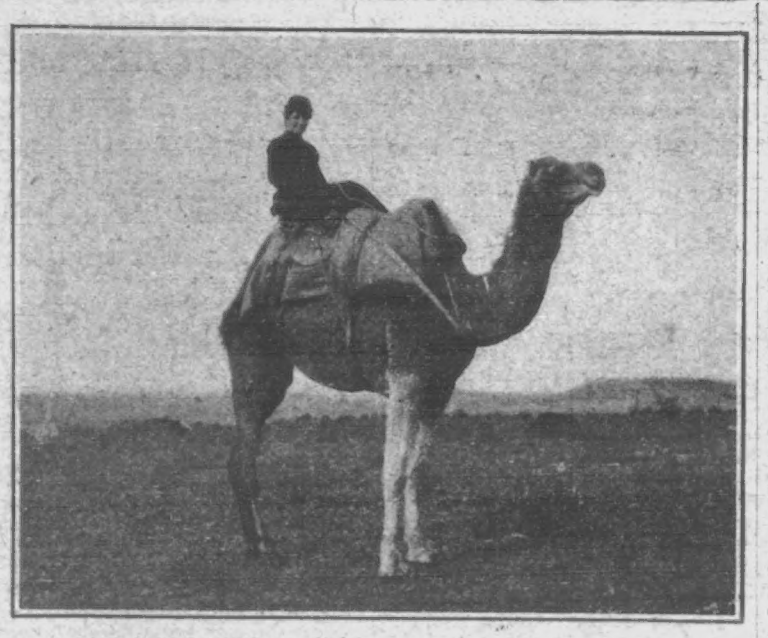
Preparing for the Boatrace: R. V. Powell, president of the Cambridge Club this year.

is not so long since the great majority of the clubs down South entered merely as a matter of sport and with very little thought of winning.

Now that is all changed, and being drawn against last year's winners or the head of the League has no disturbing effect. Certainly no Southern club has been quite successful since Tottenham Hotspur's great triumph in 1901, but they have been very near it, and the luck in the semi-finals has more often than not been against them.

Last Saturday's games produced several surprises and a number of drawn games. One of the former was between Sheffield United and Blackpool. The latter accepted a consideration of £250 to play at Bramall Lane, and—as the takings were only £310—the United not only lost the match, but suffered financially as well. The other Sheffield club, the Wednesday, could only draw with Millwall, the performance of the latter being one of the best of the day.

Aston Villa's draw with Plymouth Argyle at Aston was very much against form. The Argyle are not a bad side, but it strikes me they were a trifle fortunate. Fulham had a big gate, and a bad lose, for I know they thought their chances of entering the third round were good, but at the finish they were beaten by 3 goals to 1. Brentford's victory over Lincoln City was thoroughly deserved, and it was not unexpected, for the Middlesex County town team are doing very well in all their matches this season.



TOURING THE WORLD ON A CAMEL: Mrs. Sweet, of South Australia, who is making a camel tour round the world.

Photo, Bourden.

PREPARING FOR THE BOATRACE: The Oxford eight practising at Oxford. The crew doing a strong paddle.

The match between Tottenham Hotspur and Reading produced one of their old-time battles, and there is no harder game than those between the two Southern League teams when they meet, which they have done on several previous occasions. Woolwich Arsenal had no difficulty in beating Watford by 3 to nil, but it was a bit of a scramble, and scarcely worthy of the winners' reputation.

Brighton and Hove Albion drew with Middlesbrough at Brighton, each side scoring once, and at Stoke Birmingham earned the right to enter the new round, though only by 1 goal. Derby County and Newcastle United drew on the former's ground, but Bradford City caused genuine surprise by routing Wolverhampton Wanderers at Bradford.

A big surprise was caused by Gainsborough Trinity drawing with Sunderland at Roker Park, but they deserve every credit for it. Everton had no trouble in beating Chesterfield, the match being played at Goodison Park by arrangement. Manchester United "knocked out" Norwich City, and there was no scoring in the match between New Brompton and Southampton on the former's ground.

The draw for the third round was made on Monday, and was very satisfactory to Southern clubs, the only "unfortunate" to be drawn away from home being Brentford, who have to go to Liverpool. There is, therefore, every chance of the South being represented in the semi-finals, and why not the Crystal Palace next April? I, for one, should not be surprised. The next round will be played on the 24th inst.

There were two matches in the First Division of the League. Bolton Wanderers played Notts County at Bolton and beat them by 2 goals to nil. The teams met in the early part of January, but, owing to the soddened state of the ground, the game was left unfinished with Bolton leading by 2 goals to nil. Preston North End met Blackburn Rovers at Deepdale, and, after an exciting struggle, beat them by 2 goals to 1. In the Second Division Burslem Port Vale beat Clapton Orient by 3 goals to 1.

In the Southern League Northampton and Portsmouth met on the former's ground, and the visitors had the satisfaction of winning by 1 goal to nil. The other match was between Luton and Queen's Park Rangers at Luton, and another hard battle resulted, the home team just securing the points by the odd goal in five.

The Corinthians had a strong side out against Manchester City, and had no difficulty in beating the professionals, the margin being 4 goals to 1 in their favour. With four Cup ties not far away, it was not surprising that public interest was small and only about 2,000 spectators witnessed a good game.

Wales certainly deserved their victory over Scotland at Cardiff by 9 points to 3. Their three-quarter line was immeasurably superior to Scotland's, and, granting that the forwards were held fairly equally, and that the half-backs of the Scottish were quite as good as, if not better than, the Welsh, there was no comparison between the rival three-quarter lines. Morgan turned out for Wales after all, and Gwynn Nicholls played a grand game despite his years.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

Both the North and South of the Thames Cross-country Championships were decided last Saturday. That for the North was held at Wembley Park, and was won by United Harriers "A" with 128 points. Elstree Athletic Club was second with 130, and Essex Beagles "A" third with 146. Twenty-four clubs had entered, and, as the Essex Beagles and St. Bride's Institute were doubly represented, there were twenty-six teams competing. It was a capital race, and the first man home, J. G. Beale, covered the course in 45 mins. 48 1-5 secs.

Bromley, Kent, was the venue of the South of the Thames contest, and

Photo, Rouch.

Preparing for the Boatrace: President of the Oxford Club this year.

the distance was about seven miles. According to the time it would be a liberal estimate. There were 211 starters, and J. Webb, of the Bath and Somerset Harriers, passed the judges first in 43 mins. 32 4-5 secs. J. S. Satch, Kent A.C., filled the second position, and W. Smith, of the Epsom Harriers, followed him home. The first club was Reading A.C., with a total of 148 points; Kent A.C. second, with 151; and Herne Hill "A" team third, with 154. The scores bear eloquent testimony to the keenness of the race.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

SKATING IN CANADA: Skating is the Canadian national sport, and by using a triangular sail presented to the wind the skaters attain a terrific rate of speed on the huge lakes of ice.

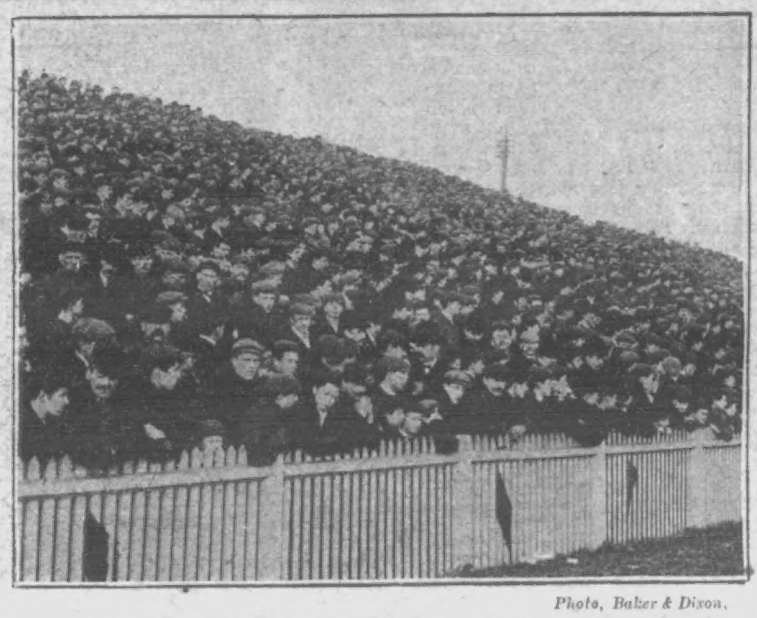
Photo, Photo Press

SOUTH OF THAMES CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP at Brook Farm, Bromley, Kent, on Saturday: The first obstacle.

FOOTBALL OF THE WEEK IN PHOTOS.

Photo, Bowden.

NOTTS FOREST BEAT FULHAM BY 3 GOALS TO 1.



Photo, Baker & Dixon.

NOTTS FOREST v. FULHAM: Some idea of the crowd

Photo, Bowden.

NOTTS FOREST BEAT FULHAM: Fulham pressing hard.

Photo, Baker & Dixon.

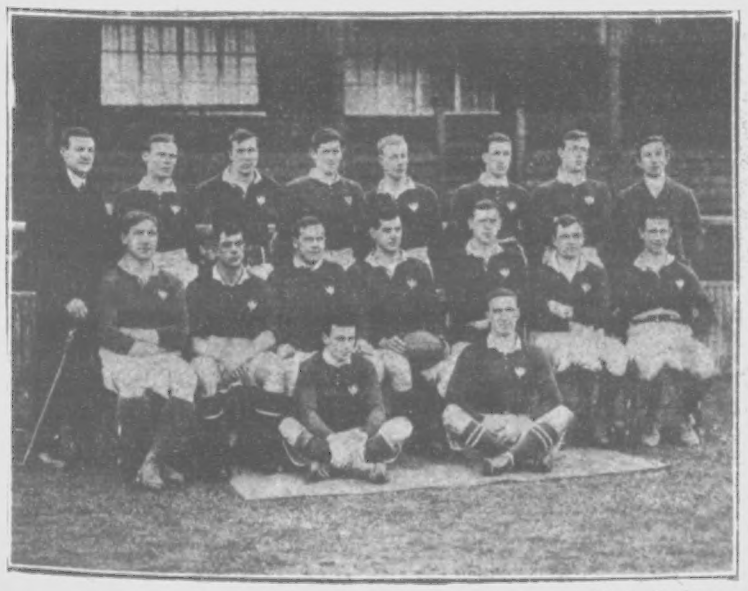
TOTTENHAM BEAT READING BY 3 GOALS TO 2.

Photo, Bowden.

WALES v. SCOTLAND: Some good tackling.

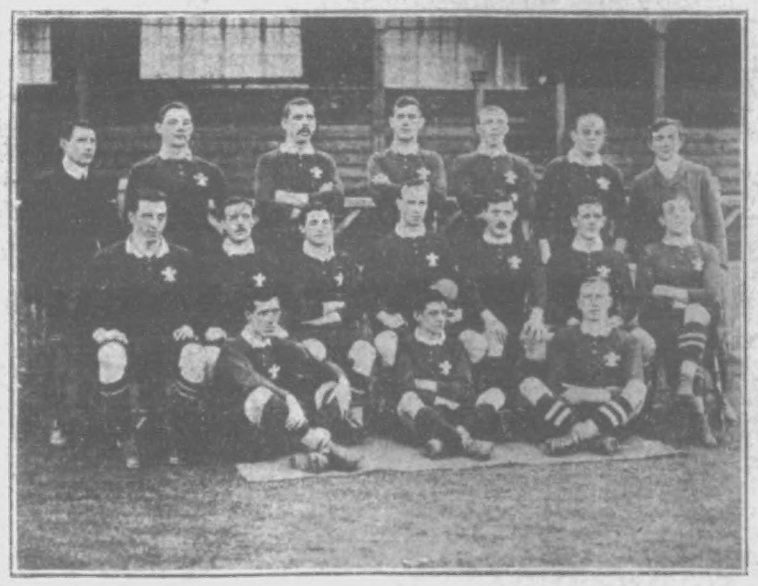
Photo, Bowden.

WALES BEAT SCOTLAND BY 9 POINTS TO 3.



Photo, Bowden.

WALES v. SCOTLAND: The Scottish Team.



Photo, Bowden.

WALES v. SCOTLAND: The Welsh Team.

REMARKABLE WORK BY AN EMINENT SPECIALIST ON THE PERMANENT CURE OF OBESITY.

The name of the great specialist, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, is as inseparably connected with the treatment of obesity as that of any other eminent man with some other particular affliction which he has made his special study. If any of our stout friends desire to know what he has accomplished in this field of medical research, let him (or her) procure a copy of Mr. Russell's remarkable book, "Corpulency and the Cure." This great work may always be obtained by any *bona fide* inquirer who will send two penny stamps for postage to F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. With its 256 pages of well-arranged facts, the book presents a mine of valuable information for men and women who suffer from, or who are beginning to dread, the affliction of abnormal stoutness. Many of these facts so ably set forth are of vital moment, as, for instance, when the author deals with the danger attending the accumulation of fat round the muscles of the heart, the impaired action of which invites disaster. For this danger alone obesity is always a grave menace to health, and merits serious thought.

The famous "Russell" treatment, whilst permanently expelling the gross masses of unhealthy internal fat and re-beautifying the outward form, banishes, once and for all, these impending dangers, without the slightest strain on the constitution. There is no fear of a recurrence. Why, then, be in any more distress when safety is at hand?

Are you stout? Very well, then, read the notice at foot, and write at once for a Free Copy of Mr. Russell's Standard Work.

The celerity with which the "Russell" treatment disposes of the superfluous fat may be gauged by the scale test. This, within four and twenty hours of beginning the treatment, will prove a decrease of ½-lb. to 2lb., the latter figure being frequently exceeded in extreme cases of corpulency. From that point until complete cure there is a gratifying daily reduction. Mr. Russell's treatment is in every respect sound and admirable. The subject regains a healthy appetite and perfect digestive powers. The fat-reducing systems of old absolutely relied on partial starvation and dangerous drugs to effect what was never more than a temporary decrease of weight. The "Russell" treatment relies on strengthening food without any disagreeable restrictions, whilst it is all the time radically obliterating the excessive fat and destroying the liability to its recurrence. Hence renewed strength and nerve power, richer blood, a clear, healthy skin and complexion. A course of "Russell" means emphatically an improvement in health, strength, muscle and brain, as well as renewed shapeliness of figure and limbs and correct facial outlines.

The "Russell" treatment is pleasant to follow and perfectly harmless. The recipe of the admirable tonic preparation forming the basis of the treatment is given in "Corpulency and the Cure." In this there is no trace of any non-vegetable or hurtful ingredient. The "Russell" régime is essentially an inexpensive home treatment which can be followed without the most intimate friend being any the wiser.

We most cordially advise our stout readers to send for a copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" to the address given below. They will be well rewarded for the trouble.

A free copy of this standard book, which contains the recipe of the liquid preparation mentioned above, may be obtained by sending two penny stamps (for postage under private envelope) to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Mr. Pinero's new play, "His House in Order," which was produced last week by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre, is, without doubt, the most important achievement in comedy contributed to the English stage for a very long time. Mr. Pinero's comedy has no irritatingly obvious moral. It is not a too conscious criticism of modern society—one says too conscious because every work of art is, of course, necessarily an implied criticism of life.

It is a truism of theatrical criticism that a great play begets great acting,

Mr. Theodore Holland, the clever composer who will give a concert introducing his own compositions at Bechstein Hall on Friday next.

and it is a truism that was proved again at the St. James's Theatre last week. Mr. Alexander has never done anything finer than his Hilary Jesson. In the first part of the play, during which he played "a waiting game," he was humorous, unperturbed, resourceful, and when his chances came, in his scenes with Nina in the third act and with his brother, Filmer, in the fourth, he acted with a forcefulness that never descended into ranting and a magnificent sincerity that was really beyond all praise.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh deserves equally warm eulogy for her Nina. "Long ago Miss Vanbrugh came to her own in a Pinero part—Sophie Fullgarney in "The Gay Lord Quex." She had another fine Pinero part last week, and again she rose to the occasion. The actress thoroughly realised Nina's character — headstrong, hysterical, but so anxious to be good and happy if she only had the chance—and she succeeded in conveying to the audience all the dramatist had intended and all she herself had realised.

Mr. Herbert Waring played the difficult part of Filmer admirably, and excellent character studies of the Ridgeley family were given by Mr. Lyall Swete, Mr. C. M. Lowne, Miss Beryl Faber, and Miss Bella Pateman, the latter being particularly good as an elderly Puritan who objects to bands in public parks because they are so "essentially Continental." Mr. Dawson Milward played Maureward—a rather sketchy character—with discretion, and little Miss Iris Hawkins as Derek once again proved what an extraordinarily clever child-actress she is. Indeed, for "His House in Order" there can be nothing but "praise, praise, praise." From end to end it holds one's interest and stirs one's sympathy. Its reception by the audience leaves no doubt that the playgoing public are only too anxious to show their appreciation of a fine play on the few occasions when the opportunity arises.

Owing to the enormous success of the pantomime "Cinderella" at Brixton, the management has prolonged it for an extra fortnight. It is now too late to give a detailed account of the acting, but it is always pleasant to note the advent of a promising young actress. Miss Molly McIntyre, a charming young Scotch lady, who has made such a hit as Cinderella, is not yet eighteen, and has only been on the stage a year. She attracted considerable attention when playing under Mr. Geo. Edwardes in "Lady Madcap" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and has made several good appearances in the provinces, notably in "La Fille de Madame Angot" and "Pepita." She has a pleasing voice and, what is more, she knows how to use it. Her triumph at Brixton has brought her numerous offers from influential managers for next Christmas, but for the present she returns to musical comedy, and we may hope to see her at one of the West-end theatres shortly.

Mr. Oswald Stoll announces that he will submit, on Monday, Feb. 12, at the Coliseum, a screaming burlesque absurdity entitled "S'Nero, or a Roman Bank Holiday—a Treesonable Perpetration," written by Mr. Chris. Davis. The lyrics, including two laughable songs, "The Good Old Roman Time" and "Give 'em a Dose," written by Mr. Roland Carse; and Mr. Walter Slaughter is responsible for the music. The incidental dances will be provided by Mr. Will Bishop, and the whole burlesque is produced by Mr. Marshall Moore. Scene 1 will be enacted outside Sir Georgius Sangarius's Hippodrome in Rome. Very broad lines will be adopted, and the arrival of the Romping Romans of S'Nero and the triumphal chariots, with the bragging of the "Hemperor" (who is the World's Worst Violinist), the disputes of his brother, his mother, and the Chief Poisoner by Imperial Warrant, should be the cause of much fun.

Scene 2 shows S'Nero "plunging" on the Old Roman Pewter Cup Stakes inside the Hippodrome, and how the "Hemperor" set fire to Rome in order to purchase a present for Poppæa out of the insurance money. The long list of comedians to be seen in the new production includes M. R. Morand as S'Nero, Keino Johnstone, William Morgan, Arthur Watts, Witty Watty Brunton, and Charles Trevor. Messrs. Harry Gardner, Fred Lomas and

Photo, Lallie Charles.

The latest portrait of Miss Kitty Gordon.

Fred Zeitz will impersonate the royal lions. Miss Millie Hylton has been cast for the rôle of Poppæa.

Mr. Mark Melford, the actor, was accidentally shot in Epping Forest under curious circumstances By medical advice he has been trying the open-air cure, and as he is under engagement at the Walthamstow Palace Theatre, he has been living for some weeks in a caravan in the forest at Chingford. While out with his daughter last week, he was amusing himself with a folding rook rifle, and in trying to put it in his pocket let it fall. It struck the ground, muzzle upwards, and sent a bullet into his chest. His daughter obtained assistance, and he was taken to Walthamstow Hospital.

"Noah's Ark," the children's play recently produced at the Waldorf, is being expanded into a musical comedy, which may be looked for at a West-end Theatre. The title will be changed, and in the process of expansion the children's element, though not divorced from the new piece, will make way to some extent for more adult treatment.

"Noah's Ark," it will be remembered, is by Mr. Percy French, who will be responsible for the new "book," and the Rev. Dr. Houston Collisson, who wrote the music. Another collaboration of theirs is a comedy opera on an Irish subject of the 1798 period. The central figure is a highwayman, but the bulk of the characters are the Irish gentry who appear in patch and powder. At present it is called "The Knight of the Road," and has already had a good trial trip in Dublin.

Photo, Whitlock.

MISS GWENNIE HASTO, playing in pantomime at the Royal Theatre, Newcastle.

Mr. John Lawson, commonly called "Humanity John" and "Only a Jew," appears at the Hackney Empire this week. "Humanity," he said, "plays thirty minutes, and, without being egotistical, it has been the most successful episode ever produced since the variety theatres evolved from its free-and-easy state of beer-drinking chairmen and suggestive songs to its present high standard of comfort and refinement. The public still swear by 'Humanity,' and its bookings ahead are still prodigious. I spend on an average £20 a week, and when we have No. 2 and No. 3 companies running as well, there is a certain small town in the Potteries where they bless 'Humanity' for adding to its trade. In fact, I think one of 'Humanity's' great successes lies in the fact of the good it does for trade. In the course of a year, on an average, I destroy or wear out thirty dress suits and coats, twelve new scenes, six large carpets, 810 large sheets of real mirror are destroyed, 1,400 wine-glasses, 3,630 art pots, 330 dress ties, twelve pairs of boots, fifty pairs of gloves, 311 pedestals, 4,330 sheets of ordinary clear window-glass, 400 champagne bottles, 1,300 fruit plates, 2,560 vases, and innumerable boxes of candles, cartridges, etc."

As a stage spectacle, the "mystic dances" of Mdlle. De Dio at the Holloway Empire should be delightful to the eye. There are beautiful scenic effects, the striking picture always being dominated by the dancer who, enveloped in flying draperies, flutters across the stage like a huge butterfly. The scenic changes, mysteriously made, are another interesting feature of the turn.

Chung Ling Soo will be the principal attraction at Stratford Empire. Other popular artistes will be found in the same programme, including Carrie Lawrie's Kindergarten with its juvenile geniuses; the O'Learys, Oriental acrobats, as their name suggests, who come straight from the London Coliseum; the Paxton trio, skilled exponents of high-class gymnastics; the Mariano Sisters in a thrilling exhibition on the breakaway trapeze; Terry and Lambert, in scenes taken from life; the Dumond Minstrels, Parisian street singers and instrumentalists; and the Edgar Forrest Sketch Combination in a merry trifle.

Pantomime is all but a thing of the past in the outlying theatres of London, but is still likely to hold sway for some weeks in the leading provincial cities. Report speaks well of the business done since Christmas by the suburban attractions, but managers are now looking ahead and fixing up the few remaining spring dates they may have open. With a successful tour round the nearer suburban theatres in London many of our most popular actors find little time to appear in the West-end houses, for such, in addition to a tour in the provinces, cuts into a large part of the theatrical year. This, however, is not an undisguised blessing, for from the financial point of view it is usually a highly successful arrangement.

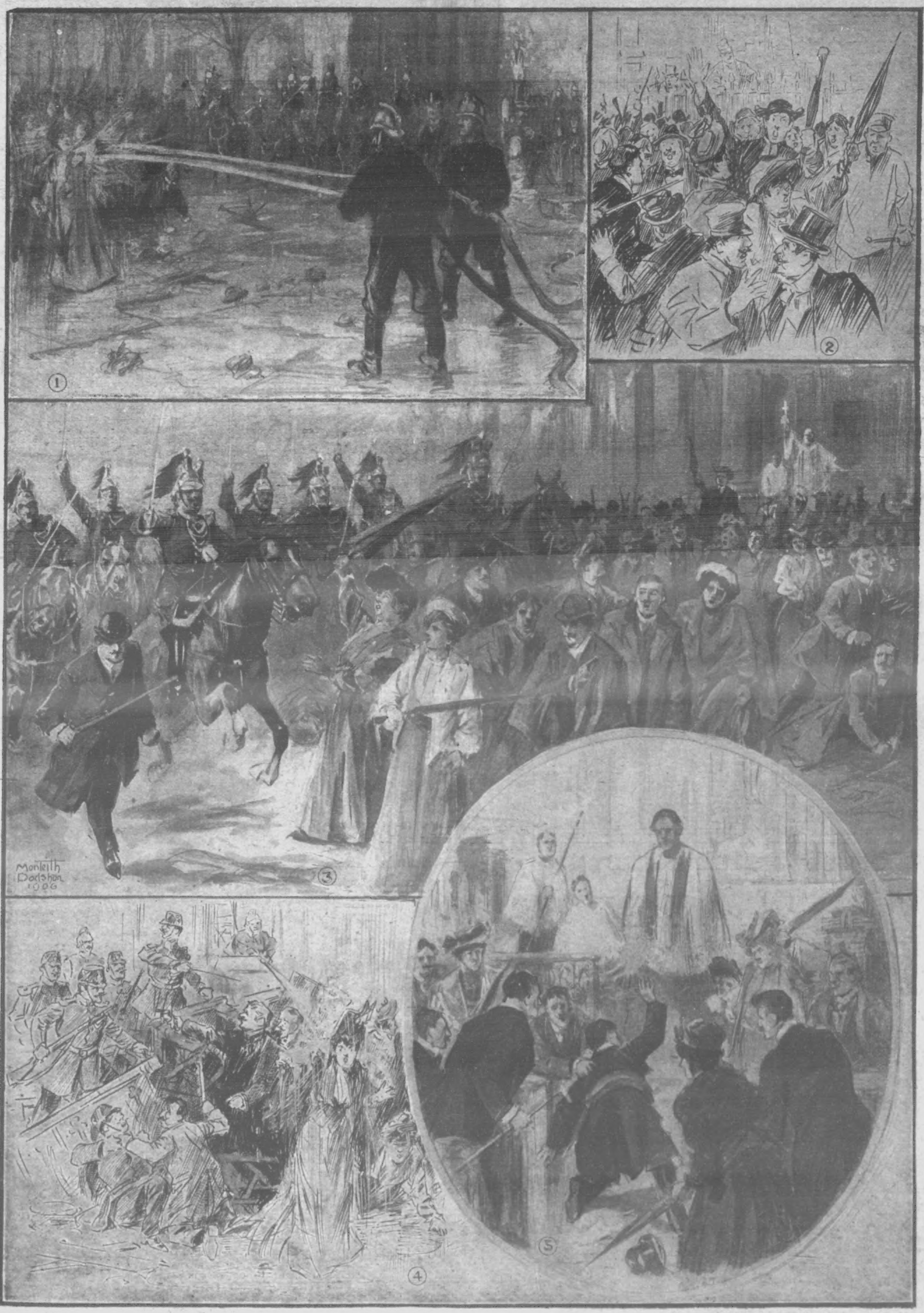
Photo, Lallie Charles.

MISS NANCY MALONE, playing in "Mr. Popple" at the Apollo Theatre.

Photo, Bassano.

"THE HEROIC STUBBS" AT TERRY'S: Mr. James Welch and Miss Gertrude Kingston.

THE CHURCH RIOTS IN FRANCE.



1.—Firemen turning their hose on the crowd outside the church. 2.—The crowd fighting amongst themselves. 3.—Cavalry charge the rioters. 4.—Water being poured into the church and the police attacking. 5.—M. Menant, an official of the Seine Prefecture, knocked down and assaulted by the crowd in the church.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

PENNILESS PRINCES: While the two elder sons of Prince Waldemar were out walking near Copenhagen recently, night came on before they could return home, and finding the roads very heavy they kept a look-out for a conveyance. The only vehicle that passed them was a coal cart, and into this the two young Princes climbed. On arriving at the outskirts of the town the driver refused to take them any further, and demanded payment. The Princes explained that they had no money with them, and told the man who they were, bidding him take them to the palace. He refused to believe their story, however, until a policeman arrived, and, recognising the Princes, lent them some money so that they could return to the palace in a tramway-car.

Princess Frederick, the eldest daughter of the new King of Denmark, who is seriously ill. She is a niece of Queen Alexandra.

Photo, Advance.

A MUSICAL RECORD: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Briggs, each aged seventy-four, of Leeds, who have just celebrated their golden wedding, can boast of a musical record which is almost unique. They took part together in all the great Leeds festivals from 1858 to 1880, and sang at the Handel festivals in 1862, 1865, 1868, and 1871. They were with the Yorkshire Choral Union in 1859 when, at Buckingham Palace, that Society sang before Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and several reigning monarchs. Mr. Briggs still sings in the choir of St. Anne's Cathedral with his two sons.

Some Notes on Dress.

THE fashion of dainty underwear is gaining an ever increasing importance, and the early spring is a capital time of year to reinstock one's wardrobe in this respect. Before the real season sets in, most shops have an assortment of travellers' and manufacturers' samples, which can be obtained at a tithe of their value, partly because many people prefer to buy their garments in sets which match rather than in single sets, and also because these samples, besides being unique in pattern, are occasionally shop soiled, a fact which does not really detract from their worth in the least, except in so far as the cost of laundering is concerned.

White underlinen will naturally always bear the palm, and where country laundresses are concerned nothing could be nicer. The lingerie which is dried out of doors, exposed to sun and wind, and bleached on the hedges is always of an infinitely whiter whiteness than that which is dried under the auspices of the town washerwomen, in a back yard or in front of the kitchen fire. In view of the latter conditions the merits of pink and blue lingerie may well be considered. Pink, especially, is an excellent washing colour, and who might not prefer the appearance of a somewhat washed-out pink to that of a dirty white?

For the manufacture of coloured underwear, cambric and batiste are the best materials for the home worker to make use of, while for white underwear, nainsook and longcloth are each good fabrics according to the purpose for which they are required. Nainsook is very dainty, and has the advantage of being quickly and easily tucked and sewed. Torchon lace—and I would strongly recommend my readers to trim with real torchon as it well repays the slight extra cost—is both durable and pretty. An equally pretty, serviceable and more economical finish may be obtained by dispensing with the lace and scalloping the edges of the garment, which must then be button-holed over. Of course, this involves a little more time and labour for the worker than merely sewing on the lace, particularly as a few sprays should be embroidered across the front of the garment. Although an improvement, however, this is not absolutely necessary, for a series of button-holed openings round the neck and sleeves, through which a wide or narrow ribbon may be run will be found to answer the double purpose of use and ornament in a very effective fashion.

To withstand really hard wear there is no material superior to a good longcloth. Cash's frilling or embroidery edging bought by the yard is the most appropriate trimming for underlinen of this description. Washing ribbons in pink and blue are now sold which retain their colour even after manifold visits to the laundry, and these ribbons can be left in the garments, and are also much stronger than the ordinary baby ribbon used for the purpose, and do not break just at the critical moment of drawing up, as a silk ribbon is apt to do after once or twice washing.

There has been quite a revolution in nightdresses of late. The Empire yoke is now to be had at prices starting from 4s. 11d., while originally this particular shape could not be obtained under half a guinea. The Empire yoke is quite as becoming as, if not more so, than a turn-down collar or Toby frill, and has this advantage, that it does not become crushed and tumbled in the same way as do the latter styles. The fashion of the half sleeve or elbow sleeve is too chilly to be generally popular, except for summer wear, but a compromise may be effected by a loose hanging sleeve reaching to the wrist, having the front seam slit up as far as the elbow, the sides edged with lace, and allowed to fall back open or closed.

Old or worn underwear may sometimes be cut up into suitable pieces, and with the assistance of some lace or insertion from the scrap bag be converted into some small garment. A dainty camisole may thus be often obtained at little or no cost. Not much foundation material is required and only short lengths of trimming, so that remnants and odd bits can be utilised. Needless to say a little taste and ingenuity must be brought to bear on the subject in hand as the art of renovation requires some skill as well as time and thought in the planning.

A French Actress who was Abducted on a Motor-car: Mlle. Rapsy, a music-hall "star," was kidnapped and carried off on a motor-car as she left the Variétés Parisiennes. At first Mlle. Rapsy took the matter as a joke; but when the car stopped at the door of a Montmartre restaurant at half-past one in the morning she insisted on being released, threatening to call the police. She was then allowed to go.

Good Wives are Good Cooks.

THERE is an old proverb which says, "God gives the food, but the devil sends the cooks"; and, indeed, I know nothing more trying to the temper of an average man than to sit down to a meal where the meat is charred or sodden and the vegetables waterlogged.

Granted that *chefs* are born, not made, it is still possible for anyone with ordinary intelligence to cook simple dishes properly. Cookery is an exact science, and therefore can be mastered by anyone who will give time and patience to the business.

It may sound a sweeping statement to make, but I am convinced if there were fewer incompetent cooks there would be fewer unhappy homes.

Man is more or less derided because he appreciates a well-cooked meal; he is accused of being "gross and material," "thinking of nothing but eating," and even falls under the lash of the J. M. Barrie and is held up to ridicule nightly.

The prevalent idea is that man eats because it gives him the rarest and most exquisite pleasure he is capable of, that he turns from ill-cooked viands because he is a born gourmand, and demands the best of everything coupled with ceaseless variety because his stomach is his god.

Now, this, as applied to the average man, is a monstrous libel; he eats, and is critical of what he eats, not primarily because of self-gratification, but because he wants to keep well, and his commonsense tells him that good, well-cooked food is the surest means to this end.

Women who lunch off a cup of tea and a buttered scone cannot understand that a man does not order steak or chops simply because he likes them, but because he knows they are a useful form of taking in enough energy to carry him through the day.

In the majority of instances it is not greed or extravagance which prompts a man to feed at the rate of one and sixpence, while his wife or sister will content herself with fourpence halfpenny—it is economy, the economy of looking ahead. In these days of restaurants, when, for tenpence, one can get a Vienna steak or a plate of beef, while an elaborate, well-cooked, and wholesome four-course dinner can be had for one and sixpence, it is not to be wondered at that a man does not make an effort to go home for meals even when living near his work, unless his wife is a good cook.

"Good cook, indeed!" exclaims the young wife. "I am certainly not going to spend all my mornings stewing in the kitchen; why, only the other day I made some rissoles, and Fred only ate one; said he didn't like cooked-up meat or care for mysteries. No, I didn't marry to be always in the kitchen bothering about things to eat."

"Men are so inconsiderate," says another wife of my acquaintance. "Jim comes home at six o'clock and would like dinner then, declares high tea doesn't agree with him, and if we were to dine at that hour it would mean two dinners to cook in one day."

Photo, Hutchinson & Sremaden.

Miss Ethel Bryan, who sings the "Singing Bird" song in "The Catch of the Season." She is quite a beginner, but has already scored great success on the stage.

Outdoor Clothes.

IT is really a pleasure to see the tailor-made gowns so sensible, free from exaggeration, and useful as they are this season. The coat sleeve is just slightly fulled in at the shoulder, but the outline of the arm is plainly and straightforwardly followed. The coat generally fits to the figure at the back, at any rate, even where the front is either pouched or hangs loose. Double breasted coats with a set of smart buttons trimming them down in two lines and a neat collar of velvet, fitting closely at the back and over the hips, but falling straight and loose down the front there, are much the same as you may have had made any

Photos, Clarke & Hyde.

WHAT A GIRL SHOULD NOT DO.

Never wear ill-fitting or unfastened shoes.

Never lounge about in such positions as this.

A girl should never be allowed to lift a weight beyond her strength.

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time this last ten years; and, really, how sensible that is, and how desirable! Dainty neckwear finishes off these rather stern but pre-eminently stylish tailor-made gowns. There never was a greater choice of cravats, vests, and ties. A sling tie of fur is necessary most days now for outdoor wear, but when this is put off in paying a visit, or even in a warm church or hall, the pleated or flat rabatie of lace or ribbon is wanted to give feminine elegance to the appearance. Naturally, many of the tailor-made gowns are finished off with braiding on the bosom or edging down the sides of a coat. A white vest, very narrow, and decorated with some rich coloured passementerie or braided down in three or four lines, is much in favour with any coloured material. Strappings of the cloth laid on and stitched down from shoulder to waist, or following the edge of the outline of the coat, form another much-used simple form of decoration. But the less "done-up" and decorated the tailor made gown is kept, and the more it is distinctive and set apart for its own special usefulness, the greater becomes the contrast between it and the "dressy" gown for afternoon wear, and, on the whole, the more satisfaction one gets out of the tailor-built toilette—at least, so I find, says "Filomena," in the *Illustrated London News*.

Tomato and Cheese Savoury.

REQUIRED: Half a pound of tomatoes, one ounce of butter, two small onions, half an ounce of grated Parmesan cheese, two eggs, rounds of toast. First slice the tomatoes thinly, and fry the onions gently in the butter till cooked. Then add the Parmesan and seasonings of pepper and salt. Beat two eggs thoroughly, pour into the tomato, etc., and stir gently till all is quite the consistency of a smooth paste. Pile on hot buttered toast, and serve very hot.

Photo, Park.

SHRUBB'S WEDDING: The bride and bridegroom leaving the church.

Photos, Clarke & Hall

WHAT A GIRL SHOULD DO

Carrying a book on the head gives a splendid carriage, as is evidenced by the grace of Eastern water-carriers.

Picking a handkerchief off the floor without bending the knees is an excellent exercise for young girls.

A skipping-rope forms one of the cheapest and most effective producers of good health and grace

Photo, Topical.

CHURCHYARD NOVELTY.—In the churchyard of the little Middlesex village of Pinner there stands a monument quite distinct from all those which surround it. It consists of a tall, square pyramid, overgrown with ivy, through the middle of which projects a coffin made of stone. This monument was raised by a son to his parents, as the inscriptions tell. They do not, however, tell why he chose to have his parents' remains poised in mid-air in the stone shell, instead of being buried in the usual manner. This curious act is accounted for in a strange manner. It appears that his parents came into some money which was to be theirs "so long as their bodies were above the ground." When they died, therefore, in order that the money should not pass into other hands, their son "buried" them in this curious manner, and, despite the apparent injustice, his object was attained.

THE new edition of "Mrs. Beeton's Household Management," which has just been issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., should be found in every home. The edition now issued has been revised throughout, and brought completely into touch with modern requirements by experts of special authority. It contains 2,300 pages (about 600 more than the last edition), including hundreds of new photographic illustrations and many new coloured plates.

Indispensable to Housewives.

WHEN the hair of the head falls more rapidly than can be regarded with indifference, it is a very good plan to cut it close to the scalp. In all cases this will improve the nutrition of the roots. There is, however, another reason for advising the cutting; hair has weight and long hair has a tendency to be dragged from the scalp by this weight, when the attachments are not very secure.

It goes without saying that when any affection of the scalp is present, it can be treated far more easily after the hair has been closely cropped.

Short Hair for Girls.

PUT three ounces of sugar into half a pint of water, boil ten minutes or until forming a thickish syrup; add the rind of a fresh lemon rubbed on some sugar, and the juice of two. Let it boil two minutes longer, then add two quarts of thin barley water, boil five minutes more, and strain through fine muslin into a jug. Cover with white paper, making a hole in the centre to let the steam escape. When cold, the lemonade is ready for use, and may be kept for a few days in a stoppered bottle.

Give Oatmeal Lemonade to Feverish Patients.

IS quite an easy process if the following suggestions are carried out: Heat a flat-iron, and get someone to hold it bottom upwards for you. Lay on it a wet cloth, then draw the wrong side of the creased velvet slowly backwards and forwards over the steaming cloth. The pile of the velvet will gradually rise and the creases entirely disappear.

Restoring Crushed Velvet

THE latest edition of the Plasmon Cookery book, published at one shilling, contains a large number of useful recipes on the preparation of all kinds of dishes in which Plasmon in its various forms may with great advantage be introduced. The recipes are sure to be helpful to the housewife as they are for the most part simple in detail and touch on a great variety of dishes, suitable for everyday use in the average home. A copy of this handy little book nicely bound in cloth, will be sent to any *P.I.P.* reader who cares to send two stamps for postage, to International Plasmon Limited, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Some Household Hints.

I should like to introduce to my readers who appreciate a little helpful aid for their maids the preparation of the "Matchless" Metal Polish Company. One has only to make a trial of this wonderful polish, which is put up in both paste and liquid form, to find out its great merit as a household cleanser. "Matchless" Metal Polish has the advantage of being an article of British manufacture—this undoubtedly accounts for its superiority, containing no acid, poison or grit, so is perfectly safe to use. Other reliable articles put on the market by the same manufacturers are the "Komo" specialities in black enamel, furniture cream, and other domestic requirements which in their use give highly satisfactory results.

I DARESAY my readers will appreciate the suggestion I am about to give them. It is this. In view of the fact that spring cleaning is looming ahead, and with it one finds that many little things are needed for renovating purposes, I propose that those readers who have such cares in front of them might get some useful hints from the sale catalogue and furnishing guide issued and sent post free to *P.I.P.* readers by Messrs. F. Hodgson and Sons, Woodsley Road, Leeds. Therein will be found bargain lines in curtains, carpets, drapery, and many articles useful and ornamental for the home. Messrs. Hodgson's method of business is of great assistance to people living in small towns and country places, as shopping by post has for years been made a special feature by them.

In View of Spring Cleaning.

STEW half a pound of prunes, drain and cut each prune into four pieces, crack the kernels and put them in with the fruit. Beat the yolks of four eggs with three tablespoonfuls of caster sugar till the mixture resembles cream, add the fruit to it and a teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Whip the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth, and lightly mix them into the other ingredients. When all is mixed pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake for twenty minutes. Serve directly it is taken from the oven.

Prune Soufflé.

THERE are many means advocated, but one of the best is to cover the cut portion with buttered paper and to stand the cheese in a warm, slightly damp cellar.

To Keep a Stilton Cheese Moist and Ripen It.

HERE is a favourite recipe for this old-fashioned drink. Boil one pint of milk with the yellow rind of about a quarter of a lemon. Take the saucepan from the fire, remove the rind, and quickly add two eggs which have been beaten in a little cold milk. Let all heat, but do not boil. When very hot add one wineglassful of brandy and two of rum. Beat the whole thoroughly. Strain through muslin, and serve as preferred, hot or cold.

Punch.

Photo, Bassano.

MISS HILDA HAMMERTON. The latest photograph of the charming Vaudeville favourite.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

A Gardener's Diary—February.

Begin sowing hardy annuals outside in a sheltered position.

Refrain from pruning rose trees, or they will suffer later on.

New lawns can be made now, though autumn is the best time.

See that all trees are securely staked and shoots of wall climbers well nailed in before the winds of March come.

Prune remaining fruit trees.

Seeds of broad beans, peas, carrots, onions, beetroot, parsley, lettuce, etc., can now be sown, though the largest sowing should be made next month.

Plants under glass must have more air and more water as they begin to grow quickly.

Ventilate carefully and close all the houses before sunset.

Give manure to fruit trees.

Look over fuchsias, dahlias, etc.; cut back and place in gentle warmth.

The Canary.

"F. A." (Leigh-on-Sea), who is anxious to make a start as a breeder of canaries—a profitable hobby it carried on in the right way—should take the advice of a friend who is "in the fancy" before making his purchase of breeding stock. He might very easily drop a lot of money by rushing into the hobby without thought. An attic in a house facing south will make a splendid aviary, and, although he has no heating apparatus, god oil-stoves are now so cheap and reliable that the difficulty of keeping the temperature in any way even is readily got over.

In my days of canary breeding, however, a greenhouse was the favourite aviary, for occasionally the birds could be given a flight without harm being done, and they were all the better for it; while the insects which they discovered on the plants and vine provided them with capital food.

Tomatoes.

The present is a good time to sow a batch of tomato seed for second early work, says a writer. This is a work that is done in a variety of ways in market places, and very often not so well as it might be. Very generally boxes are used for this purpose, but for winter sowings we do not like them. In our opinion there is nothing so good for the purpose as pots 32's or 24's. These should be quite clean, and, if new, be soaked for an hour before getting them ready for seed sowing. We usually turn a small pot upside down over the drainage hole, and fill in round this with small cinders, putting over the whole a thin layer of moss or fibre. The soil for seed-raising should be three parts light loam, one part leaf mould or fine jadoo fibre, one part sand, and one-eighth part air-slaked lime. If some powdered charcoal is to hand, one-eighth part of this will be a great advantage. The pots should be filled to within ¾in. of the rims, and then be watered with boiling water through a fine rose. When the water has soaked away, and before the soil has become cold, the seeds should be sown thinly over the surface, not like mustard and cress, as is generally the case, but at an average of ¾in. between the seeds. The whole should be covered with ¼in. of fine compost, and the pots be covered with sheets of glass. The propagating house should not go below 70deg. Fahr., and if the seed is good it will soon germinate. A careful watch must be kept, and the moment there is seen to be a movement in the soil the glass must be removed, or the seedlings will become drawn or spoilt.

Photo, Clarke & Hyde.

Dog Barbers in Paris: A poodle being shaved.

If the propagating house is a good one, the sheets of glass can be dispensed with altogether. The seed pot should be kept well up to the glass of the house—12in. will be a good distance—and with careful watering and ventilation the plants will come into the rough leaf while less than 2in. high.

A Beautiful Plant.

The family of which the Canterbury bell (Campanula medium) is a member forms a highly interesting and desirable class of handsome flowering plants for the decoration of the garden. The large bells of the pure white varieties are especially handsome, and should be freely grown for the contrast which they afford with most other flowers. The double varieties are especially fine, and May is the best time for sowing. The pyramidalis and alba form very useful and handsome pot plants; while the best varieties for the garden are the double white, the turbinata, the calycanthema (blue, white, and rose coloured), and perricifolia.

On Spinach.

My Lancashire correspondent should be able to grow spinach at a profit, for he is within easy range of one of the best markets in England, and the transit of produce should not cost him very much; in fact, by means of a light cart he could be his own carrier to Liverpool, and, as competition between the various railway companies is very keen, he could make favourable terms for the carriage of his produce to the big East Lancashire towns. Round spinach should be sown for spring and summer use, at intervals from February to May, and prickly spinach in July and August for winter use. The New Zealand variety requires to be raised on a gentle hot-bed in April, and planted out in May on a good, rich soil in a warm situation. Sow the round and prickly varieties in drills about an inch deep, and a foot apart in good, rich soil, the richer the better for the summer crop. Abundance of moisture and occasional weak liquid manurings will greatly improve the crop.

Drawn by Charles Crombie.

"THE GARDENER'S MONTH-BY-MONTH GUIDE TO SUCCESS": Hints for the Horticulturist.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

The recent elections, and the incidental heckling of the candidates, has had a refreshing effect upon the wit of the nation. The art of repartee, which has been sadly neglected of late, has taken on a new lease of life, and some of the impromptu "back answers" reported in the papers have been quite brilliantly effective. But they were expert at this sort of thing in the olden days.

Side by side with that happy hustings retort by a candidate who, when he had received a rotten egg full in the face, as he wiped off its nauseous contents, "Ah! that is the sort of argument used by my opponent; and even that is unsound," might be set Macaulay's hustings retort to the fellow who thus apologised for having struck him in the face with a dead cat, "I'm very sorry, sir; I meant it for the man behind you." "I wish to God, sir, you had meant it for me and hit the man behind me," retorted Macaulay.

The late Chief Justice Russell was hearing a trial for bigamy. "What's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" whispered a barrister. "Two mothers-in-law," said Russell.

Although the law seems to be especially conducive to skill in fencing with words, the Church has supplied a large quota of men who delighted in the give-and-take of verbal warfare. The venerable Dr. Thomas Fuller, author of "The Worthies of England," however, met his match once when he propounded the following question to a certain Dr. Sparrowhawk: "Pray what is the difference between a sparrowhawk and an owl?" "Why," came the response, "there is a great difference. An owl is fuller in the head, fuller in the body, and fuller all over."

In a little book which has recently been published on "The Art of Preaching," by Professor Hoyt, there is some very sound advice, which, although intended for clergymen, will be equally useful to many other teachers, as well as editors, writers, and politicians. Professor Hoyt says: "The sermon is not a work of art. The sermon is not to be something but to do something. It is simply a tool, and when it becomes an idol, it is high time for the image breaker to come. The story is told of Da Vinci that when he had finished the painting of the Last Supper, he asked a friend to come and see it. As the painter withdrew the cloth, the friend exclaimed, 'How wonderful the cup in the hand of Christ!' Da Vinci impulsively drew his brush across the cup, passionately saying, 'Nothing shall hide the face of the Christ!' We should deal with the sermon in this spirit. The sermon is the best which does the best work. We get in the way of admiring the sermon for itself. We form certain laws, we have certain examples, and we try to make the sermon conform to them. And we are tempted to judge preaching by this ideal. But laws, ideals, are only for use. They must always be kept servants. And the man and the message and the souls of his hearers, these must be kept supreme. Some form unknown to the schools may reach men where the most approved model may fail."

Wednesday last was Dickens Day, the great novelist having been born on the 7th February ninety-four years ago. Since Shakespeare, no writer has "made language" to the extent that Dickens has done, and the number of common colloquialisms taken from his novels and which everybody uses every day is the outstanding proof of the success with which he has appealed to the imagination of the nation.

How often one hears, "Barkis is willin'," "Beware of widders," "Oliver Twist asks for more," "Coulin's the friend, not Short," "I don't believe there's no sich a person," "Let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed," "Waiting for something to turn up," "A trifle wearing," "The law is a hass," "The demnition bow-wows," and so on. Not a few actual words have come from Dickens to the dictionary—Podsnappery, Pickwickian, Pecksniffian, Bumbledom, and many others. "Dolly Varden," the pretty heroine of "Barnaby Rudge," has given her name to a hat; while Mrs. Leo Hunter, the Artful Dodger, Uriah Heep, Mrs. Jarley, have become common generic terms.

Next Wednesday will be St. Valentine's Day, but I am afraid that few people will pay any attention to the fact. The valentine is as extinct as the dodo. The creation of the valentine once afforded abundant occupation to the minor bard as well as to the minor painter. Cracker-makers are still credited with the possession of a poet on the premises, who composes mottoes and epigrams for at least nine months out of every twelve, and possibly discharges some less laborious duty during the remaining three, for the cracker is still with us. As far as the valentine is concerned, the occupation of the poet is gone, and gone past all hope of recall. In the days of the Nelson and Napoleonic Wars there existed at least a dozen manuals from which would-be senders of valentines could gather appropriate "sentiments" without the trouble of composing them.

In the *Connoisseur* of 1754-56 a forward Miss is supposed to thus advert to the prevailing notions respecting the day. "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle, and then if I dream'd of my sweetheart, Betty said, we shall be married before the year was out; but, to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk and filled it with salt, and when

Photo, Russell.

The Rev. H. L. Paget, the new Bishop of Ipswich.

I went to bed eat it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names on bits of paper, and rolled them up and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it! Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed, and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

I have often written in these columns on the subject of success. Here are some characteristic definitions of "The Successful Man," by the Rev. Madison C. Peters, an American clergyman:

There is a vast difference between making a living and making a life. The man who has no money may be poor, but the man who has nothing but money, or, rather, the man whom the money has, is the poorest thing in all the world.

Character is capital. Better be a man than merely a millionaire. As a man prizes his character, so is he. Emerson says Talleyrand's question is ever the main one; not, Is he rich? Has he this or that faculty? Is he of the establishment? But, Is he anybody? Does he stand for something?

Stick to one thing. To succeed you must be unanimous with yourself. This is the use of the specialist. It does not pay to know everything.

Luck waits for something to turn up. Pluck turns up something. Good luck is a man with his sleeves rolled up, hard at work. Bad luck is a man with his hands in his pockets waiting to see how things will turn out.

I would rather have my boy become a shoemaker and put genius in his shoes than become a minister and preach sermons that nobody wants to heed.

A number of readers now write to me week by week for useful information on a variety of topics, and their letters are answered either in the "Replies in Brief" or by post. I also get many kind letters from readers sending me their good wishes, and telling me what they think of the paper—letters which I value very much indeed.

But there is another kind of letter I should like to have as well. I should like to make these columns a sort of "P.I.P. Debating Society." I should like you to write to me on a post-card giving me your own views week by week of any of the subjects touched upon in my notes, and illustrated, if possible, by instances of events within your own experience. If any other subjects occur to you, which you think would be of general interest, why not write in, and let me publish your post-card, so that other readers may also give their views? In this way we might have quite an interesting little social Parliament of our own, and I might give small prizes now and again for the best post-cards sent in. If you think anything of this idea will you let me hear from you?

Have You Registered Your Vote?

If Not, Do it Now!

Below is a list of the features of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. Will you put a number—1, 2, 3, 4, &c.—against the titles in the order in which they interest you? I am not going to offer a prize although I may, perhaps, give a small present to the sender of the list which most nearly conforms to the idea of the majority of my readers. But I want you to do this in order to help *me*, and not for the sake of any particular prize. I want to know *what you really think*, not what you think I want you to think! Is that quite clear? I have not included this feature, "The Editor to His Friends," in the list, because *if everyone who reads these notes sends in a marked list* I shall know to what extent my efforts are appreciated. So, if you really like the P.I.P., and are interested in these few notes of mine every week, you will not forget to cut out the following list and post it to me:

News of the Week and Photos.
The World of Pastime and Photos.
Full Page News Pictures by our own Artists.
"P.I.P." Snapshots.
"P.I.P." Playgoer.
"P.I.P." Farmer.
The World of Women.
Serial Story, "The Mysterious Millionaire."

Please don't forget. *Do it now.*

VALENTIA STEER.

("Replies in Brief" will be found on page 85.)

Subscriptions for the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be sent to the Publisher, 7a Henrietta Street, W.C. The "P.I.P." will be sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks, on receipt of postal order, value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. Single copies post-free 1½d. For foreign postage the rates are: three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; one year, 8s. 8d. The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER may be sent by halfpenny post to any place in the United Kingdom. To the Colonies or any foreign place the postage is one penny.

OUR THRILLING SERIAL STORY.

The Mysterious Millionaire.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

"WELL DONE, TERRY!"

Another half hour dragged away, and Sarad did not return. Slowly the millionaire crossed the ford. Dark storm clouds were creeping up the sky, distant thunder growled and rumbled in the north, and the air had turned chilly.

"There's a big storm coming up, my lord," said Kit as he rode beside the millionaire. "Those poor women and children will have a bad time. But it's the best thing that could happen if there's enough of it. The river'll be full up to the neck in no time, and it'll puzzle those white jumpers to cross."

Garth was silent. A far-away flash of lightning gleamed across the dark sky, and a cold gust of wind hooted over the veldt. The momentary gleam seemed to intensify the blackness. Then came a second flash and a louder growl of thunder.

"Where's Leckburn?"

"Fast asleep, my lord," said Kit. "I thought it a pity to disturb him until the last moment, for he'd only call me names."

"Yes; he's a born grumbler," drawled the millionaire, "and a born soldier. He has no nerves at all. I have seen him fast asleep when the bullets were rattling in through the open window. It was in a farm near Machadodorp. Did you hear anything?"

"No, my lord; only the thunder."

They were a mile beyond the river.

"I did," drawled Graydon Garth.

What did the darkness hide? Something threatening, something terrible. Garth felt convinced of it. Not a star was visible. The piled clouds, heavy with torrents of rain, had hidden them all. What did the darkness hide?

"Listen, King!"

Garth raised his hand.

"By thunder," said Kit, "a horse!"

They could hear the drumming of hoofs. Kit's hand was on his rifle.

"It is my slave," drawled Graydon Garth. "I know Lightning's gallop. Sarad, Sarad!"

"My lord," came the answer from the darkness, and in a moment the great horse was beside them.

"What have you seen?"

"Nothing, my lord," gasped the Nubian, "and yet I am uneasy. The veldt is full of noises."

"You saw nothing?"

"Nay, my lord. I am a hunter. A herd of deer raced past me southward. Why did they not fly from me, instead of towards me? There lies the mystery. The night is full o' eyes."

Garth's forehead wrinkled. Then his thin hand tightened on the rein.

"By Allah, Sarad," he said in Arabic, "thou art right. Listen!"

Again he raised his hand. A gust of wind brought up the sound of creaking wheels. What did the darkness hide?

"Big guns," said Kit between his teeth. "This locality ain't too healthy. By thunder, they won't laugh much when they get to the nest and find the birds flown."

He paused with a gasp of dismay at the sudden crashing of guns.

"By thunder," he added hoarsely, "they've got round Etawayo. We're dished."

A vivid flash of lightning streaked across the black sky, and for an instant all was as bright as day. And in that one brief instant the darkness yielded up its grim secret.

They were surrounded. To the right, to the left, behind them, a circle of white-robed warriors shut them in. They were more than a mile away, but the circle was narrowing swiftly. The growling thunder had deadened the sound of their advance. Graydon Garth laughed.

"Kanarphes is a great general," he drawled. "What do you think of it, King?"

Kit knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"We're cornered, my lord," he answered calmly.

"I fancy so. We must get back, for we can hold out a long time. Poor Etawayo," he added bitterly. "There is a massacre going on there. And he went by my advice. Quick! Back across the ford. We'll die hard if we must die. Ah! they have seen us."

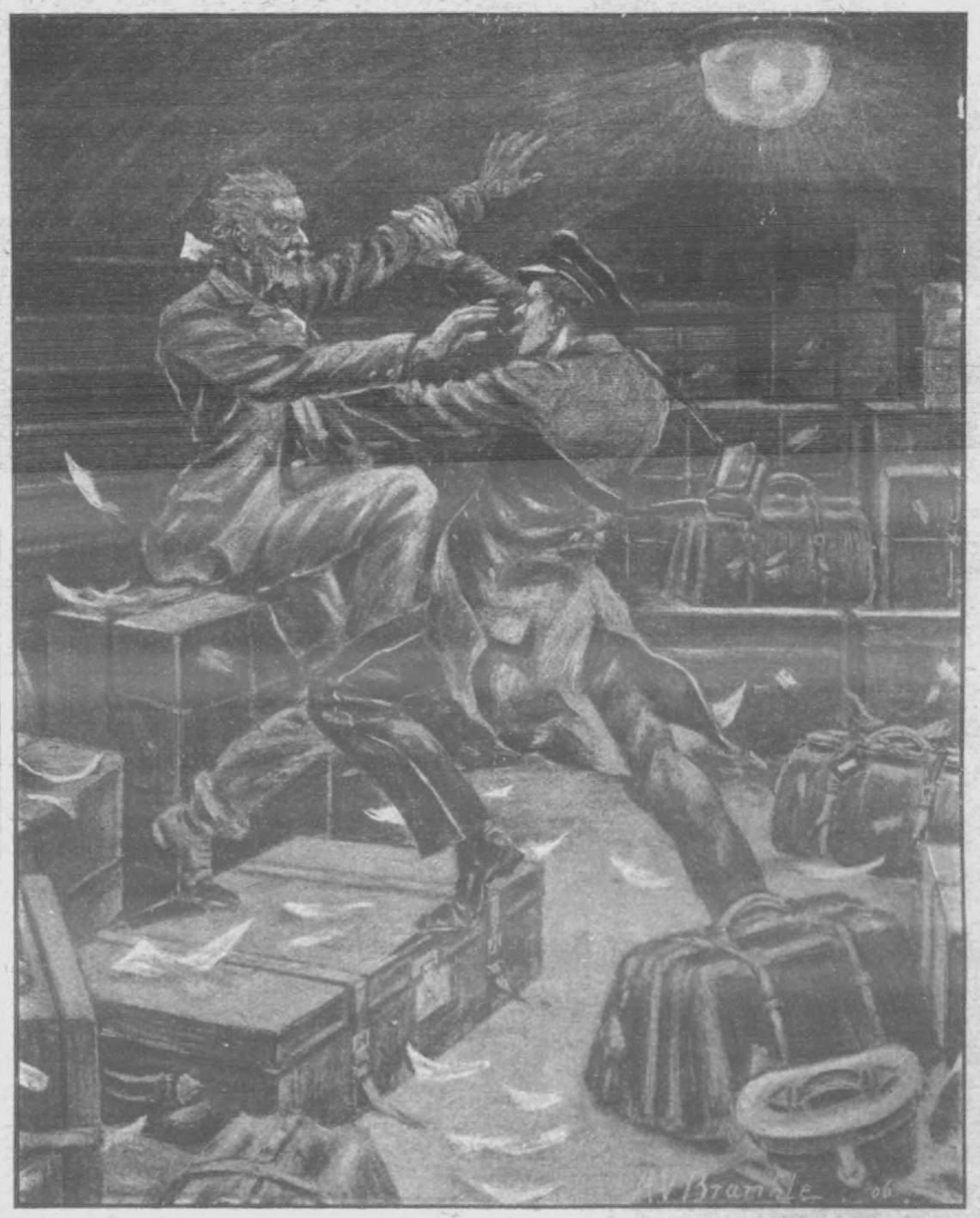
Once more the lightning flashed, and bullets hissed towards them. The wild, discordant battle-cry shook the very skies:

"Vor, Vor and Kanarphes!"

The deafening cry seemed to goad the very elements into fury. Before its menacing echoes had died away the storm burst. A blinding flash tore across the sky, and the crash of the thunderclap brought down the rain in hissing torrents. Flash followed flash, peal followed peal. Nature and man were both making war.

They galloped to the ford and

(*Continued on next page.*)



ALONE WITH A LUNATIC: A guard on the North-Western Railway had an exciting experience last week. He had removed a maniac from a carriage to his van, when suddenly the madman attacked him furiously, and a desperate encounter ensued. At Smethwick the lunatic disappeared, but later he was captured and taken to an asylum.

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crossed it. Graydon Garth's little band had gathered in the mouth of the ravine. They had seen the white circle closing in upon them, they had heard the fierce battle cry of Vor and the distant firing had told Etawayo was hard pressed. They knew that the white circle had closed in on every side, and that they were in the net. The blue glare of the lightning showed their faces set and grim. They might die, but even Kanarphes, the mummy, would say that they had died hard and at a bitter cost of life.

Leckburn had his pipe turned upside down in his mouth. It was the only way that he could keep the lashing rain out of its bowl. No human voice could be heard in the fierce clamour of the thunder. Garth pointed up the ravine, and they understood. They turned their horses, but the millionaire remained behind. Every flash showed him the white circle coming nearer and nearer. He pulled his horse round and rode thoughtfully after his men.

He touched Leckburn on the shoulder as he dismounted. Leckburn followed him into the cave. Here they could hear each other speak. They were soaked to the skin.

"Well, Ned," drawled the millionaire, quietly, "I hope you are pleased. I fancy you wanted a fight. Do your present prospects please you?"

"No, old chap," said his lordship, "they don't. The fighting part is all right. I shall enjoy that. I have a most amazing fondness for myself, and the idea of being killed is bad for the liver. I don't like it a bit. You ought to have had more sense."

"How, old friend?" asked Garth, smiling.

Hand met hand in a firm, loving clasp.

"You ought to have had more sense than to have got us into such a mess," growled Leckburn. "Of course, dear old fellow, I'll forgive you this time, but don't do it again. By Jove! I think we're bottled up for good. Well, if we are, it's only the story of the pitcher that went to the well too often and got smashed at the finish. We've had a splendid innings. Poor Mella and little Garth! I say, old chap, it seems a bit rough."

Garth kicked the red embers together with his heel.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION. *Photo, Underwood.*

"Yes, it's rather rough," he drawled. "Have you such a thing as a dry match? My box is empty." Leckburn took out his vesta-box.

"You see, Ned," drawled the millionaire, "we have not had a fair chance. I seem of late to be able to do nothing right. I am waiting for King's report now. He has gone to see whether there is any chance of escaping south through either of the passes. I love Kanarphes, the mummy. I can't help it, Ned. He is a genius, a wonder."

Leckburn shook his head mournfully.

"Look here, old chap," he said, "you've disappointed me. If you had come to me and told me that you were going to take a trip to the moon, I would have believed you, and knocked down any man who even hinted that you wouldn't get there. And now you let this miserable Egyptian bottle us up in this fashion. What do you mean by it? I'm ashamed of you."

Graydon Garth laughed.

"You miserable grumbler," he drawled, looking affectionately at his burly comrade. "Is this the reward I get for all I have done for you? I have half a mind to cut you off with a shilling."

"Kanarphes will spare you the trouble by cutting me off with a bullet, and at a third of the price, I don't suppose he pays a shilling each for his cartridges."

Again their hands met affectionately. Garth loved the bluff, grumbling Leckburn, and on his part Leckburn almost worshipped Graydon Garth.

"We are certainly in a fix," drawled the millionaire, "and a tight fix. Well, old beauty."

Sarad had just freed Demon, the jaguar, from his chain. He sprang forward, and Garth bent to pat his tawny side.

"It is a fix," said Leckburn. "And the worst part about it is that I am short of tobacco."

"The men have plenty. At a pinch, you can smoke a few of my cigarettes which you despise so much. After all, Ned, we have been in tight places before and come out with flying colours. How Kanarphes managed to get round us so cleverly is the mystery. By Jove! Ned, he is more than a genius. Well, King?"

The scout had entered.

"No use, my lord," he said, "they're as thick as bees round honey. I don't think even Peter Gay could get through 'em, and, by thunder! I think Peter could get down a rabbit-hole. And look at the mess I've made of my boots and clothes. It ain't weather for ducks, much less men. If the beggars want to fight, why don't they choose a respectable time?"

"And the river?"

"Will be in flood under two hours, my lord. We shall get it, too. It's ankle-deep in the ravine now. It's spoiled a pair of the best boots this side of Johannesburg comin' through it."

"Then why don't you take them off, Kit?" said Leckburn. "You've not spoiled your leggings yet. Take them off; they're too good to spoil."

"By thunder! that's a good idea. I'll do it at once. Hello, they're trying the range."

A shell burst over the cave with a crash. Graydon Garth yawned and sat down lazily on the heap of skins.

"I am going to take a nap, Ned," he drawled, "and I'm sorry to turn you out into the rain. Send Gay in command of the natives as he understands the language. Keep well in shelter. You must be at the head of affairs for a short time, Ned. We have no plans and need none. Keep them back as long as you can, and get out of the way of their shells. This is the best advice I can give you. Good-night and good luck."

"Good-night, old chap."

The millionaire yawned and pillowed his head on the jaguar. Sarad flung a blanket over his master, and then, drawing his curved scimitar, took his place before the entrance. Thus, doubly guarded, the millionaire fell asleep, heedless alike of the thunder of the skies and the thunder of the guns of the Mysterious Army.

Outside the water rushed down the ravine almost knee-deep. Leckburn splashed through it with a growl. A flash of lightning revealed no one. The men, who liked neither shells or rain, had taken refuge from both in an adjacent cave.

Leckburn scaled the slippery cliff and waited. The flash came, and a cry of astonishment burst from his lips. He saw a circle of brown tents beyond the river. They had been erected with a speed that was almost magical.

"That's smart," he thought. "They know their business properly, and they've got sense. It's better under leaky canvas or matting even than floundering about in the mud. They don't mean to attack to-night, that's evident.

He joined the men, who had drawn the Maxim into a cave. Kit was there already, sighing over his boots and gaiters. The men were oddly silent. Even Micky, the gunner, was subdued.

And the artillery of the skies rolled out its thunder. The storm was not overhead now, but passing swiftly to the south-east. Jackson was making more tea.

"How deep will it be at the ford, Kit, do you think?" he asked.

(To be continued.)

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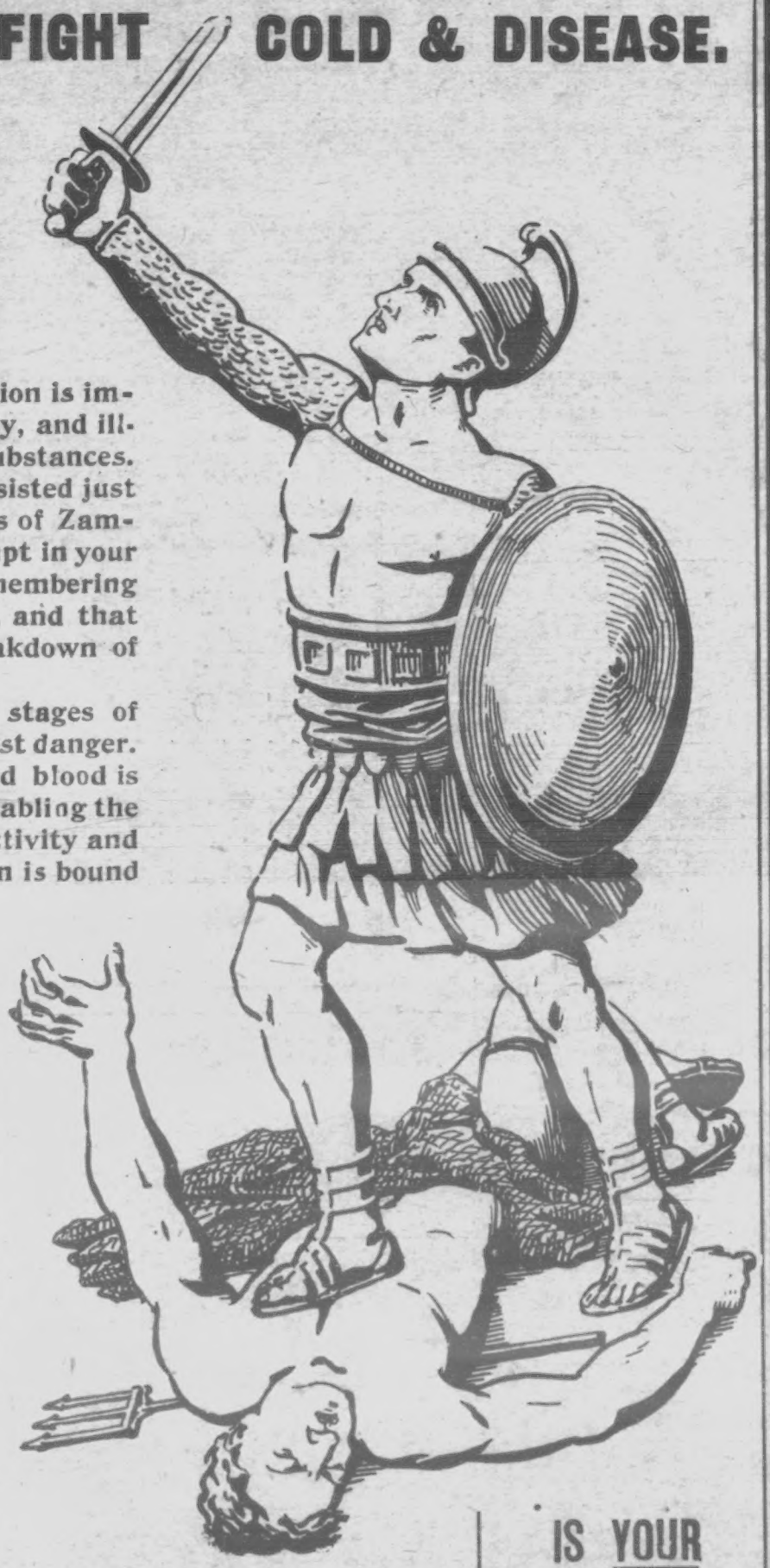
The Skin in Winter.

HOW ZAM-BUK HELPS IT TO FIGHT COLD & DISEASE.



Few people can boast of a skin healthy enough to resist the treacheries of the cold, raw days of February. The effect of the wind and the rain is seen in rough, blotchy faces, chafed cheeks, chapped hands, pimply eruptions, and cold-sores.

One reason is that the skin in winter does not get enough ventilation—the heavy clothing and the indoor confinement choke or poison the pores. The oil and sweat glands are not active enough to maintain a workable flexibility of the tissues, and the circulation is impeded. As a consequence the skin becomes rough, scaly, and ill-nourished—an easy prey to disease germs or poisonous substances.

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